Be Prepared. Sign our Free Zeppelin Insurance Coupon. Page iii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. No. 536 SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1916. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

994427

For meaning of this number see page 14.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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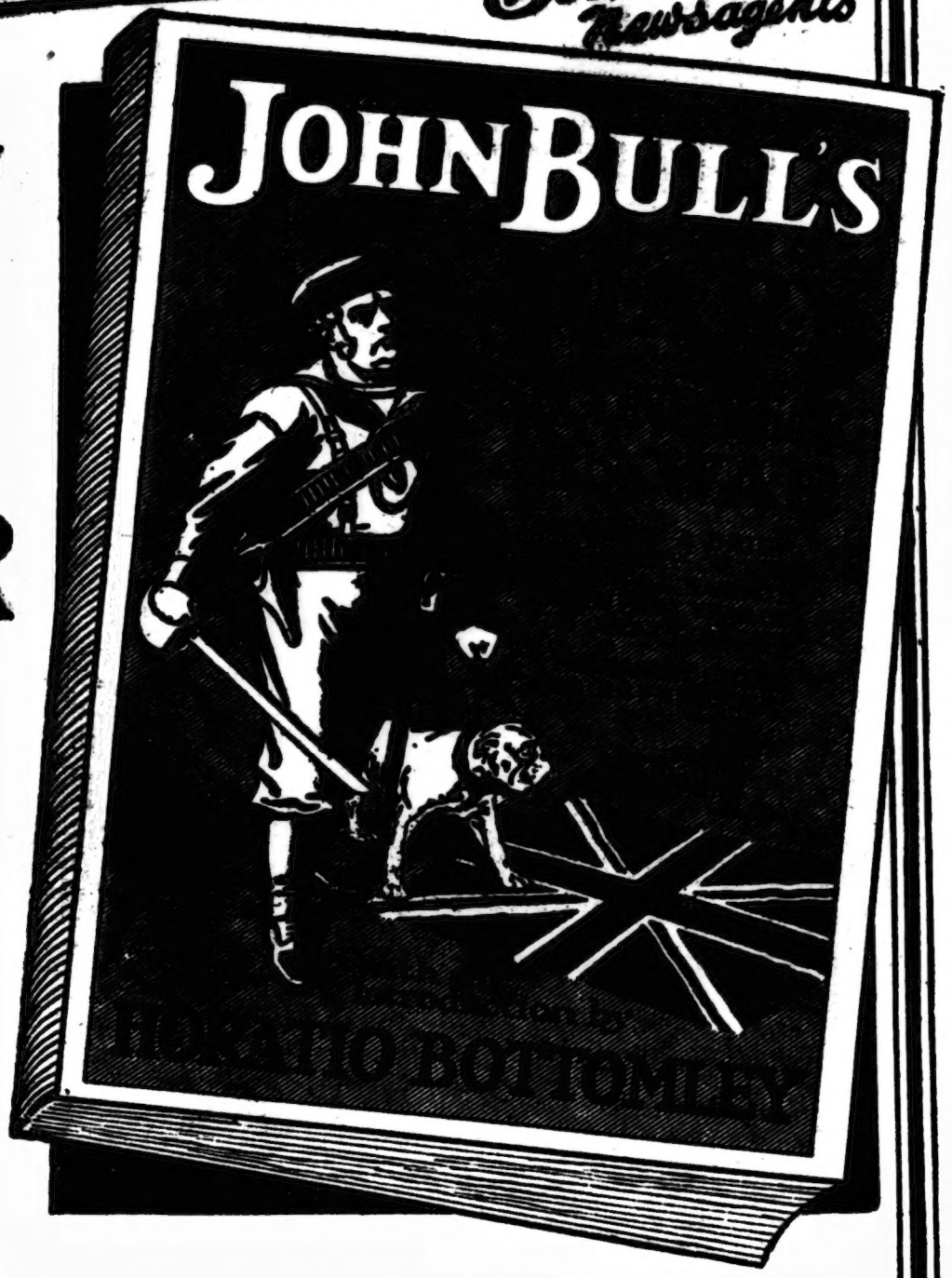

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JOHN BULL

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Vol. XX. No. 536. Week ending Saturday, September 9th, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Big Things Brewing.

Look out for some startling war surprises. Austria, Hungary, Turkey, Greece, Bulgaria—and Denmark—all have something up their sleeves.

"If You See It——!"

Writing in this column in our issue of August 26th, we said: "Watch Roumania." And on August 27th Roumania "came in." Now watch Greece.

Those Zepps.

Three cheers—but cheers are not loud enough—three bombs for the gallant man who brought down fire on that airship. That will give the Hun something to think about. What "P. B." says will be found on another page.

Weird.

What a wonderful and weird effect, in the silent watches of the early morning, was that mighty cheer and those million hand-clappings which rose on the air as the "Zepp" sunk blazing to the earth.

That Gruesome Chart.

The Chelsea Chart, showing how wounded men are pensioned according to whether they have lost part or the whole of a limb, is a callous looking thing. For the loss of a leg to the hip a man gets 10s.; but if he has had it cut off only to the thigh. he gets 14s. As a Tommy who writes to us from the Mile End Military Hospital puts it: "To a disabled soldier, half a leg is better than no leg at all."

One to "L. G."

We have sometimes quoted Mr. Lloyd George as having, in the preface to his speeches on the war, described Russia as "a spent force," and predicted that we could expect no further help from her. We find, however, on referring to the book, that what he said was that our Ally had for "the time being" made her contribution, and that we could not expect "for many months to come," the same help she had given in the past. We are glad we were wrong.

A *Naïve* Question.

Here is another Harrogate mem.: As we entered our hotel one evening, we observed a group of legal celebrities, evidently assembled for a little dinner, and in the midst of it sat Mr. Justice Astbury. One of the party, an old friend and opponent, and who was a good friend of ours in the House, came forward to greet us—and, with unconscious humour, observed: "You know Astbury, don't you?" *Do* we know him! Still, we were pleased to see his Lordship looking so well, and hope he enjoyed the sulphur water!

Bravo, *D. T.!*

We have to thank the *Daily Telegraph* for yet another powerful article pleading for a Non-Party Government after the war. Verily, we are coming into our own!

The Kitchener Memorial.

We are watching this very closely, and shall await, with interest, particulars of how it is proposed to expend the Fund—which already exceeds a quarter of a million. Meanwhile, may we ask how much each of Kitchener's late colleagues has subscribed?

Soldiers Half Price!

So soldiers, *and sailors*, are to be allowed to inspect the captured German submarine at half the advertised price! Who, after that, shall say we are not a grateful nation?

A Brilliant Idea?

It was a brilliant idea, wasn't it, to put hundreds of Army horses on a heath near an anti-aircraft gun, so that when the Zepps came last week to the outskirts of London, the guns could not be fired for fear of stampeding the animals?

Bon-Fire and Bomb-Fire.

And who was it allowed a huge bonfire to be lighted on that occasion, so that within an hour the Zepps were in the neighbourhood, dropping bombs among the Army Service Corps? We hope it is true that there has been a court-martial over the matter.

Tens and Totals.

By the way, we wonder who made up the totals of casualties issued by the Press Bureau in connection with that particular raid. He should take a lesson in simple arithmetic, and at the same time learn the difference between units and tens. When Parliament resumes, we may hear more of this unready reckoner.

More "Hush."

May we most respectfully, and with all due humility, inquire whether we have been told *all* that has recently happened in the North Sea—and in the Firth of Forth district? Of course, Mr. Balfour may not have heard about it—but *we* have.

Exit Ramsay.

Congrats. to the Moray Golf Club upon having "bunkered" Ramsay at last. He has long enough been the "bogey" of the House. When will his constituents "stymie" him at Westminster?

More than 400 Zeppelin Claims already paid. See page iii of Cover.

What is the Truth?

According to a rector's wife in Norfolk, as reported in *Truth*, certain of the coast towns in Norfolk and Suffolk have been "as good as destroyed," by German ships and air-ships, and have been deserted by the inhabitants. "But all this ordered by Ministers to be hidden from us for fear of the anger of the people. Heaven help us!" What does the Censor say, and who *is* telling the truth?

Then, as Now.

A Newcastle reader sends us a copy of a "Return of Duty paid by Weekly Papers for the year 1834," prepared by "John Lightfoot, Accountant-General, Accountant and Comptroller-General's Office." Even at this time, it appears, JOHN BULL was ahead of all his contemporaries with 5,380 copies, paying a total duty of £403 10s. But what a difference eighty-two years have made—the difference between a circulation of 5,380 a year and a million and a half a week!

Her Own Flag.

A certain lady, well known in Southampton, is credited with having done considerable good work for soldiers and sailors, so much may be forgiven her. But it was surely rather presumptuous for her to institute a Flag Day all of her very own. Southampton and district stared on being asked to buy a black flag with a white design and the inscription, "Mrs. ——'s Day." We omit her name on this occasion, but would hint that the cultivation of a little modesty is highly desirable.

A Cruel Blunder.

A London mother writes to complain that, after her only son had given his life for his country, she received a form calling him up for military service, and peremptorily ordering him to report himself by a given date. Of course, it was just a mistake, and no harm was intended; but the oversight was a cruel one, and it needs little imagination to sympathise with the poor mother, who sees in the unhappy incident something very like an insult to the precious memory of her brave boy. Let us hope that, in common decency, such blunders are extremely rare.

An Excessive Penalty.

It has been laid down by the medical profession that the use of alcohol is unfavourable to recovery from wounds, and it is no doubt right that there should be regulations to prevent the supply of drink to convalescent soldiers; but it is shocking to read of a soldier's widow being sent to prison for six months, with hard labour, for an offence of this kind—to which, no doubt, she was prompted by an impulse of mistaken kindness. In this case, reported from Chertsey, there was no question of supplying liquor for profit; the woman had merely given the soldier a few sips from a quart bottle of beer she was carrying home for herself, and we have no hesitation in saying that, in all the circumstances, the penalty imposed was grossly excessive.

Three Thames Steamboats.

Legends of the old L.C.C. steamers, that had a short and merry life plying for hire on the Thames, are many, and mostly discreditable. Here is a new one. When the boats were sold by auction they fetched £300 apiece. Three were repurchased by the Government from Holland for £13,000. On arriving in home waters the bottom plating was found to be gone, and practically new bottoms had to be put in. After that comes a tragic joke. Light floats were fitted to the paddle-wheels for London waters; these being replaced by heavy ones, reduced the speed from 12 knots to about 3. So the light floats were restored. And now the experts are trying each in turn, first light, then heavy, cut-and-come-again, just to see how it pans out. Oh, the waste of money, and time—and temper!

Soldier-Servants.

Presumably officers must have soldier-servants at the front and in barracks, but when they are merely idling they might surely make do with time-expired or discharged men. We hear of a Colonel, at Bath, with a soldier-valet reported to be "not strong," but yet drawing his pay, etc., for acting daily as his officer's caddy. The man had permission to wear mufti, the gallant Colonel probably anticipating some comment were his factotum to be seen every day on the links in uniform.

Borrowing from Us.

Canadian newspapers contain full-page recruiting appeals on behalf of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, "Kitchener's Own." The appeal includes a reproduction of our popular cartoon, "The Shade of Kitchener Pointing the Way to Victory," and we are glad it should be utilised for such a purpose, though we think it might have been stated that the cartoon was taken from our pages. There is not one word of acknowledgment; still, we will not kick about that—it is all for the good of the cause.

No Shore for Soldiers.

Finicking Frinton is trying hard to maintain its reputation as the Snobs' Paradise. Its latest move is a petition for an Order precluding the use of the sea front by soldiers. Nobody in khaki, if you please, is to desecrate the shore at Frinton. There are about 2,000 Tommies there—some invalid, some wounded—and they are to be barred if the smug snobs who sign that petition have their way. One cheerful thought strikes us; if Tommy can procure a sight of the petition and note the names and addresses of its signatories, he will be able to recognise his friends.

Shy Birds.

Abundant are the accounts received by us of slackers, general as well as particular. Devonshire's married men have answered the Call, but there are shameful numbers of single young men shirking, often on the plea of agricultural necessity. Yet, when 1,800 soldiers were booked to camp at Exeter for harvest help, there were but six applications from farmers. In York, young fellows swagger freely around. One man has five sons of military age. Not one has been taken. Coming into Kent, we hear the Refusiliers are prominent at West Peckham, near Maidstone, some doing old men's work in the woods, and two being busy at poultry farming, instead of leaving it to their sisters. They have never left mother, and would hate to do so.

Different Parsons, Same Day.

From a Yeovil correspondent:

During the course of his sermon at the Wesleyan Church, Yeovil, on Aug. 20th, the Rev. Westmore Smith picked out JOHN BULL as a specially deluding publication and warned his readers to beware of its doctrines. The sermon was based on a certain kiss of a Biblical character, who was compared to the Kaiser, showing that by self-presumption and ignoring the better life, men were led on to become the slaves of their own unfettered passions, and at the same time involved the lives of others. Mr. Smith also referred to the mistrust that the majority of our soldier boys had to official and established dogmas.

From a Cornwall reader:

Preaching to a large congregation at the Bugle United Methodist Church on Aug. 20th—on the Good Samaritan—the Rev. C. F. Lea, ex-Chairman of the District, stated that, "In these days people liked to see who was standing up for the rights of a soldier, physically and mentally broken in the war, who is sent, perhaps, to an asylum and his wife's allowance stopped. He had looked through the Methodist papers of the week and found it not, but on turning to JOHN BULL—a paper which he had in the past despised—he found it pleading the soldier's cause and playing the part of a neighbour to his wife and family in their hour of need."

The "John Bull" Pen is used by a million people daily.

Censored.

When the Censor is really brilliant, he coruscates at every pore. Recently a woman on holiday at Blackpool had her baby's photograph taken on the sands. She posted a print of it to her mother in America, who had never seen the infant, but at Liverpool it came under the Censor's eagle eye, and he returned it to sender. It is conjectured that he was afraid somebody in America might recognise the sand and give information of value to the enemy.

Misplaced Laughter.

At Burnley a young woman was sent to gaol for a month on a charge of stealing. They wanted her to go into a Home, and she said, "I will go if it is not over 18 months, and if I can see my child." They told her she must go for two years, without conditions, and she refused. So she is in prison. During the case she objected to something published about her "sleeping out," and she cried, "Who put that in the paper? I am not having lies in the paper about me. I will put it in JOHN BULL." Whereupon it is recorded there was "laughter" in court. We have only to say that if the poor woman does write to us, we certainly shall not "laugh" at her.

G. P. O. Wages.

The G. P. O. appears not to be too lavish in its expenditure for wages. Consider this history and these figures: A soldier, after some years' service, left the army through illness, and became for two years a cleaner at the P.O., waiting to be appointed a full-blown postman. His wages as cleaner were 24s., increased to 26s., with 3s. war bonus. When he had the honour of appointment as postman he also received an Irishman's rise, namely, 24s. 6d. wages and 3s. war bonus. He actually loses 1s. 6d. weekly by improving his position, and is trying to live decently and maintain his family on 27s. 6d. a week. He says he finds it difficult, and we believe him.

A Disgraceful Affair.

It is bad enough in any circumstances for an Army pensioner to be "buried by the parish," but when every element of decency is lacking from the funeral, it is time for an emphatic public protest. Into the details of such a case, for which the Clutton (Somerset) Guardians are answerable, we need not enter; it is sufficient that, in a letter of remonstrance to the Board, the Rector of Farmborough ventured to observe that "no parish burial there had ever been conducted and managed in such a disgraceful manner before." We understand that, as a result of the Rector's intervention, the matter has now "received the attention of the Guardians." But who was responsible for the disgraceful scandal?

A Narrow Escape.

To any person of decent sensibilities, there is something revolting in the spectacle of children of tender years involved in crime, and it is with no small concern that we read of four young reprobates at Bournemouth who "did unlawfully play at a certain game called tennis on a highway there contrary to the statute in such case made and provided." Not only did the youngsters toss a ball in the street—which, of course, was a grave offence against public order—but they perpetrated the horrid crime under the very eyes of Police-Inspector Bunce, an outrage hard to characterise in measured speech. We have to add that the Bournemouth Magistrates dismissed the charge—not exactly on the merits, but because there was no evidence of "annoyance to passengers," the episode having apparently occurred in a street empty saving the spacious presence of Inspector Bunce. It is to be hoped, however, that by this narrow escape the delinquents will not be encouraged to plunge headlong into a career of further crime.

Mean Wages for Indispensables.

Undoubtedly the Tribunals are sometimes able to do good in securing better wages for men who, while declared indispensable, are paid miserably by their employers. Take a case before one of the Tribunals the other day: The employer pleaded that a fish salesman with seven children was indispensable, yet he gets only 27s. a week. The man would have more money if he were in the Army. In this case the employer promised to give him "a little more." We wonder how much.

Turnbull for Mansfield.

Dr. Turnbull is the gentleman who some time ago jumped from the Strangers' Gallery on to the floor of the House, for the purpose of riveting attention upon the need which then existed for helmets for the men in the trenches. But he is no crank—as the word is understood. He is a distinguished medical man, who has seen much service at the Front. And, after various preliminary skirmishes—with which we have had no concern—he now proposes to make a serious onslaught on Mansfield. Good luck to him! He is just the sort of man whom the late Sir Arthur Markham would have supported.

Fearsome Freights.

"A Soldier's Mother" sends us a bundle of documents, the upshot of which is to prove that she has been charged the extortionate sum of £1 11s. 10d. for the transport, by Cox's Shipping Agency, Cairo, of a small sack, weighing under 40lbs., of her son's effects from Alexandria to East Ham. Protesting to the military authorities, she has been told that "no action can be taken," while Messrs. Cox are ready to show that the fault lies elsewhere than with them. The incident serves to illustrate one of the thousand ways in which the monstrous shipping freights now prevailing work hardship and injustice to the poor, but still "no action" is the order of the day.

A Lawless Policeman.

In the course of a public inquiry, Mr. Councillor Williamson, of Salford, seems to have accused the Acting Chief Constable, Mr. John Adair Crawford, of using the Corporation motor-cars for the purpose of private joy rides. Annoyed by these aspersions, Mr. Crawford then appears to have committed sundry assaults and batteries upon the person of Mr. Williamson, including a severe blow "in the region of the lower part of the back." Called, at the Salford Police Court, to answer for his violence, the Acting Chief Constable was found to have "infringed the law," but was permitted to purge his offence by the payment of 15s. costs. Not such a bad thing to be an Acting Chief Constable, if you happen to be "in trouble with the police."

A Widow's Last Son.

A young man of Hankerton, in Wiltshire, was refused exemption under bitterly distressful circumstances. He is the only remaining son of a widow in bad health; there were three brothers, all joined up, and one has been killed and the other two are lying wounded. And he has to depart, leaving his mother in her loneliness and grief. Asked if he would not like to fight for his country, the gallant fellow said, "Yes. But," he asked, "what about the farmers' sons—slackers, who, when their labourers were killed, laughed and said, 'Serve them right for going'?" He gave particulars, and the Court admitted "there was a good deal of that going on." Then the brutes who "go on" like it should be marked and taken. It is such shirkers who earn the indignation of the soldier—who does not want the widow's only son in the trenches, but the cowards who stay at home and laugh.

Out now, "John Bull's" Diary of 2nd year of the War, 1/- nett.

An Unjust Prosecution.

Anxious to employ his week-end leave in a brief visit to his parents, a soldier, quartered in Northumberland, arrived at Tavistock one Sunday morning, with 14 miles to walk to his home. Some distance along a kindly carter offered him a "lift," which was gratefully accepted; but the good Samaritan had no licence to carry passengers, and, a trifle of money having passed, there was a subsequent appearance at the Launceston Police Court, and a fine of 20s. All of which indicates that there is at least one Cornish policeman who is not as well employed as he might be in these troublous days.

A Simple Youth.

We understand that Mr. Leslie A. Hick, the son of the Vicar of Dalton, near Rotherham, lives at home with his parents, and that is probably the best place for him, for he is evidently a very simple young man. For instance, when a silly serving woman offered him a few cottages at 5s. apiece he took the proposal seriously and purchased five. Subsequently, at the instance of the Vicar, the woman was prosecuted for "obtaining money by false pretences," and sent to prison for three months, where she will have leisure to reflect on the error of her ways. For her own protection, it is to be hoped that when she regains her liberty her lot may not be cast among fools.

Yarmouth's Plight.

The piteous plea of the poor of Great Yarmouth echoes and re-echoes all unheeded. The town's season has been ruined for the third time; the lodging-house keepers are in despair of patronage, while even the soldiers are billeted at hotels and not among the people, with whom the billet money "would help a little toward the rent." We believe there is a fund for the relief of distress in Yarmouth, but the distressed ones hear nothing of it or its benefits. As one old lady puts it:—"I have three sons fighting and another has to join. But no one cares if I can pay my way, or if I starve or not, so long as they get my boys." This is very sad and bitter, and reflects no credit on the administrators of local relief.

Oyez! Oyez!

If This Should Meet the Eye of a certain gallant gunner in the Royal Artillery, who may now be stationed in Egypt, and whose lady love is resident in the neighbourhood of Willesden Green, This is to Give Him Notice that his suspicions are unfounded and his threat to break troth is unjust. For, though he complains that he has received no love-letter since December, the girl of his heart has sent him many, and his mother and sisters have also written; yea, and parcels into the bargain have been forwarded. There is great disorganisation in the Mediterranean postal service, and one or two postal thieves have lately been laid by the heels. If letters have not arrived, our gunner may rest assured that his true love is not in fault. She is still his.

French Racing.

We are glad to see that the French Government have sanctioned a limited number of Trial Race Meetings—as there was serious risk of France losing her position as a great blood-stock producing nation, most of the young horses recently sold there going to America, Italy and Spain. But why a meeting at such a place as Caen—a diminutive course with practically no paddock and no horse accommodation? What's the matter with Deauville, close by?

Drugged Sweets.

Women patrols in Southport, and Vigilance Associations in Manchester, are once more exploiting the bogy of drugged sweets—"harmless confectionery saturated with a powerful drug," offered to meek, trustful maidens for some nefarious purpose. On the promenade one of the female patrollers says she saw a man offering sweets to a girl. "She interposed, and asked the man if she could have a look at the sweets, but he immediately put them into his pocket and walked away." We do not wonder at it; if he said, "Durn your impertinence!" under his breath, we hold him justified. The story is a re-hash of a very old yarn, worn threadbare at the time of the White Slave craze, five or six years ago.

The *Aquitania* Again.

We believe the Admiralty is at length making, rather gingerly, some inquiries into the many quick changes achieved by the *Aquitania*, from passenger boat to transport, thence to hospital ship, back again to transport, and so on—all-round-the-mulberry-bush—at vast and incredible cost to the taxpayer. We have already given my Lords some particulars for their attention, and we suggest another matter they might rejoice to delve into. During one of the transformations certain gear—quite new, for it had never been fitted, somebody having changed his mind too soon—which cost £1,000, was re-sold to the maker for £300. Perhaps, at the boat's next metamorphosis, the gear will be bought back for another £1,000, with war bonus added.

"Hop Pickers Wanted."

Apropos of the Women's National Land Service Corps' appeal for "hundreds of educated women" for the hop-picking season, a Hants woman who writes to us waxes savage. Thus: "I know the British farmer is a lazy, extortionate, wasteful rotter, but I never knew he was rotter enough to ask educated women to work about 14 hours a day, pay their own fares, buy and cook their own food, find their own mattresses, and sleep on the floors of his ratty, dirty barns for—to quote the announcement—'earnings which should amount, at piece-work rates, to 2s. or 3s. a day.' And who, in the name of the Profit, are the Women's National Land Service Corps who want educated women to do this thing? Likewise why?" The lady is not only mustard; she is the whole cruet.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Glasgow Citizen":—

"The voice of the Free Trade doctrinaire will no doubt make itself heard in common with the cry of the gelatinous pacifists who would have us kiss and make friends with the HAND that has cruelly BITTEN us."

"Newcastle Evening Chronicle" (advertisement):—

"Lady . . . would like to SHARE COMFORTABLE HOME with a lady, a GENTLEMANLY YOUTH, or two young ladies who would share a double-bedde: 10.in."

"Oldham Evening Chronicle":—

"The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—'The GERMAN Officer commanding the BRITISH FORCES at Salonica reports. . . .'"

"Sports Special" (Sheffield):—

"They (Lincoln City) open at Bradford on the 2nd September full of promise, and in the hope that the supporters will rally round them as strongly as they did last season and help to INCREASE the DEBTS."

An Applicant at the North Riding County Tribunal (according to the *North-Eastern Daily Gazette*):—

"I have three children, and the YOUNGEST ONE IS TWINS."

"The Globe":—

"Now that whistling has been abolished drivers do not find it to their advantage to congregate exclusively in those areas where OCULAR appeals can reach from ROUND THE CORNER."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

DEAR MR. ASQUITH,—I am glad you have at length recognised the unanswerable claim of the Old Age Pensioners to a special war allowance, although I should have been better pleased if you could have seen your way to an all-round increase instead of a conditional grant in cases of "special hardship." As a matter of fact, I believe it will be difficult to find cases in which serious "hardship" has *not* arisen, and it is to be hoped your scheme will not suffer from niggardly administration. The aim of the authorities should be not merely to relieve the actual distresses of the aged poor, but to lighten the burden of parental support for those who in other directions are contributing their full quota to the service of the State. JOHN BULL.

To General Sir William Robertson, Chief of the General Imperial Staff.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—We do not generally look to our soldiers for speeches; but your recent address to the delegates of the Australian Commonwealth Parliament was much too fine a performance to be allowed to pass unnoticed. Especially I liked your closing observation, that our aim must be "not merely to win the war, but to win the peace." Your speech was a welcome indication that, whatever may be the case with the politicians, no thought of "compromise" ever darkens the counsels of the War Office. For this gratifying assurance, many thanks. As your military duties permit, let us hear from you again. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Walter Long, M.P., Whitehall.

DEAR LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD,—Though I am well aware that you have many irons in the fire just now, I must direct your attention for a moment to the fact that the Wandsworth Guardians have filled, or are on the point of filling permanently, three nice little posts of £200 a year each, which might well be done temporarily and more cheaply until the boys come home and have a chance of competing for them. This is not a time for jobs or jobbery, and unless you put your foot down when the names are referred to you, the attitude of the Guardians suggests that these jobs are likely to be jobbed to favourites by not very open methods. It does not need a genius to perform the duties of a District Registrar; he has little work to do and almost anybody who can read and write could do it very well. Please officially disapprove of Guardians giving comfy sinecures to homers while fighters are busy with the Kaiser. It isn't patriotic and it isn't cricket. And thus enough said. JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, Rural District Council, Chertsey.

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—It seems that the Assistant Clerk to your Council, a solicitor, who also serves as Clerk to the Local Military Tribunal, is most anxious to join the Army, but up till now the Council have withheld permission, arguing that it would be difficult to fill his place. I am not going to say that this plea is wholly groundless, yet I fancy that if you really tried you could make do with the services of an older man. In any case, I should like to be assured that you have given the matter your earnest consideration. When a man says, "I am young and active and feel I ought to be in the Army," it is a thousand pities to hold him back. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Viscount Haldane of Cloan.

DEAR VISCOUNT,—While we are waiting for those Berlin dispatches of yours which "for military reasons" cannot yet be published—but by which, ultimately, your reputation must be judged—don't you think it would be more decent if you held your tongue? For instance, you recently told a Scottish audience that, "knowing what you did," you had many anxious moments in the early days of the war; and I am bound to say that, as long as you boast in this way of your special knowledge of Germany's preparations, you have only yourself to thank if the public suspect you of concealing from the Government circumstances for which obviously they were unprepared. A wiser head would hold a stiller tongue. JOHN BULL.

To Colonel Webb, Military Representative, The Tribunal, Worcester.

DEAR PHARISEE,—When a commission agent wrote, asking for further time, he explained that he was in Blackpool, detained because the races had been postponed, and that his financial interests in the meeting would suffer if he were called up before the end of September. His application was refused; if it had been done decently and for good cause I should have had nothing to say, but I am obliged to notice what tripped from your tongue. You said, "The application ought to be framed. There was a man making his money by robbing other people and going there to ask the Tribunal to give him a little more time to do it. In the national interest, he would order the man to go to-morrow." I do not know the man so scandalously insulted by you, but I am told he is a respectable citizen, and I am sure he is engaged in a strictly legal business. For you to stigmatise him as a robber was an abuse of your position. It was a cruel aspersion to cast upon an individual probably as honest as even yourself—a direct charge of theft without ground, justification or excuse. It may be your idea that every man who "goes racing" is a robber, but you had best disabuse your mind of the notion, or you will find yourself including among the thieves the King from whom you hold your commission. You have a bee in your bonnet; when its buzz is heard in public, it is a misfortune and an indiscretion. And that is putting it mildly. JOHN BULL.

To Sir Bryan Leighton, Bart.

DEAR SIR BRYAN,—You have long been known as a good soldier and an intrepid airman, so that I am not surprised to hear of your plucky action in being the first to demonstrate the advantages of a new parachute by which it is safe to alight from an aeroplane or airship, however low the altitude. The trouble in the past with the ordinary parachute has been that, unless the aeroplane is flying very high, the parachute when released cannot be relied upon to open. On the one with which you so courageously experimented at Roehampton the other day you were able to descend from a machine flying, roughly, 400 ft. up. Your experience must have been a strange one, for I am told you not only came down in a tree, but that the tree was in the grounds of a lunatic asylum, and that your strange and sudden appearance sent the inmates scuttling for hiding-places among the bushes. I believe the Admiralty has already adopted this new parachute. It is to be hoped the Army will follow 'chute, so to speak. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, M.P., Home Secretary.

DEAR HOME SECRETARY,—I know you are mighty hard to move in regard to the alien peril, and I am wondering whether your complacency will be proof against such facts as these. For having failed to shade three brilliant lights at his Balham shop, a person named Max Stene was sentenced to two months' imprisonment and afterwards to be deported. According to the police, the prisoner, whose nationality was doubtful, had already paid £25 in fines for offences of a similar character. Yet all the time he had been permitted to roam at large, his statement that he was a Russian Pole having apparently been accepted without the least official inquiry. What *am* I to think of it all? JOHN BULL.

To the Venerable Archdeacon Bodington of Wilts.

DEAR ARCHDEACON,—I am delighted to find that you are among those exponents of a muscular Christianity who realise the dangers of a premature peace and preach sound sense from the pulpit. As you say it would mean "a Devil's peace, for it would mean that our sons and our daughters would have to suffer a war like this one—it would mean that we would shirk our responsibilities and pass them on to others." As you say, there can be no compromise with the enemy. "Until he has made reparation, he must be regarded in the light of a heathen." Perhaps that is unfair on the heathen, but your meaning is clear. You are for a fight to a finish, and at the finish the Hun must be crushed beyond the power of harm. We want more pulpit talk of the same vigorous kind. JOHN BULL.

TRUTH ABOUT THE GREAT AIR RAID.

AN HEROIC DEED AND A DEMAND FOR A REAL OFFENSIVE.

By N. PEMBERTON-BILLING, M.P.

While we do not profess either to endorse or controvert the facts brought before us by Mr. Pemberton-Billing, this article will be read with special interest, coming as it does from one who has so closely identified himself with the Air Service.

IT is the irony of fate that the first airship brought down over England should have fallen in the constituency which returned me as the first airman to Parliament. Am I justified in seeing something more than mere chance in what happened in the early hours of Sunday morning—in other words, can we take this as the real beginning of some effective defence against air raids? All honour to the airman to whose skill and daring those small smouldering heaps in the field and those charred and unrecognisable Germans bear eloquent witness. I have always said that we have the best pilots in the world; I have always declared that, give our men the opportunity and proper training for the job, and they will offer on all occasions a good account of themselves. To those who know what it means to fly at night—to take life in both hands and gamble with death up there in the darkness and mist for hours—I need not sound the praises either of the man who "bagged the game" or of those who, with courage equally undaunted, pursued the quarry in vain.

Yes, by all means give praise where praise is due, but, for the sake of the women and children, who look to the Government for protection, do not let us, the public, lose our sense of proportion. Even if we brought down a Zeppelin and its crew of some twenty men, let us remember there are plenty more where it came from, and that in the third year of war we have to confess to having been subjected to an air raid greater than any before accomplished.

Expert Ignorance.

Let us have the truth about this great raid. I say this because, from the tone of the newspapers and the official communiqué which is before me as I write, it seems that once more exaggeration is to take the place of fact. Fortunately, it is not necessary to depend upon official information. "Our experts," says the communiqué, "hope to be able to reconstruct certain portions of the framework. The large amount of wood employed in the framework of the *Zeppelin* is startling, and would seem to point to a shortage of aluminium in Germany." This is worthy of the sensational journal which had the ignorance to make the statement:—"The wreckage is in the hands of the military authorities. It is to be hoped that sufficient material remains to enable them to form an estimate of the latest type of super-Zeppelin." Before making the disclosure which I feel it my duty to make, in face of the official statement I have quoted, let me say that there is very considerable difference, both in value and performance, between a Zeppelin, which is the Dreadnought of the sky—a rigid airship, in fact—and types of steerable balloons of cigar and various other shapes.

The Zeppelin is really the only lighter-than-air machine which has proved itself in this war. On the other hand, there are many types of small dirigible balloons which have little, and in some cases no, framework, and which, from the very nature of their construction, are infinitely more vulnerable. Their gas is so contained that, if the balloon was pierced by explosive bullets fired from an aeroplane, it would cause just such a conflagration as brought this so-called Zeppelin to the ground.

And this brings me to my disclosure. I have no hesitation in saying that, plucky as the airman was, splendid as was his achievement—one over which we, the public, have every reason to rejoice—*we did not bring down a Zeppelin.* Anyone who has seen that heap of debris, as I did this morning, and who knows anything of the construction of aircraft, must be astounded at the claim that this craft was a Zeppelin. Where are the engines which we know a Zeppelin carries? Where are the propellers? And, above all things, where is the 600ft. or 700ft. of metal framework, 60ft. or 90ft. in diameter? Compare the graphic illustrations in the press with the description which some of our experts have recently given us of the dimensions and capacity of a super-Zeppelin. The official suggestion that wood has been substituted for aluminium in a rigid airship is, in my view, a display of ignorance. One weeps for the British expert who suggests its feasibility. I have before me, as I write, a piece—a small piece, it is true—of the woodwork. In accordance with the instructions from the War Office, I am sending it to Whitehall, and much use may it be in "reconstructing a Zeppelin"!

Gas-Bag or Zeppelin?

I repeat, we must not mistake a dirigible gas-bag—for that is what I believe it was which made so wonderful a display of flame and glare in its dive to death—for a Zeppelin. Perhaps before these lines are published the Government will have seen the wisdom of amending their estimate. But, in face of the claim that it was a Zeppelin (and this after twelve hours of expert scrutiny of the debris), and in view of the grotesque suggestion that they intend to try to reconstruct it, I doubt if the Government will have the courage or the sense to admit the truth. It is in no carping or grudging spirit that I pen this article. No one rejoices more than I do to know that in the last six months our air defences have been so improved that we have been able to bring down an airship of *any* type. What I do protest against here, and shall from my place in the House of Commons, is the persistent policy of the authorities in minimising losses and magnifying gains with the sole object of keeping the nation from rising in wrath and indignation and hurling these humbugs from their places. In the third year of Zeppelin attacks we still refuse to present the only effective and British ultimatum to Germany—to carry the air war into the enemy's country, exacting for every outrage "an eye for an eye."

The Real Defence.

It is not sufficient that we should wait for the Zeppelins to attack us, and that then, and then only, should we bring our own weapons into play. I do not suggest that we can prevent a single Zeppelin reaching this country—and I am only too delighted to think that, if and when they come again, they may get a still warmer reception. But we shall never offer a real defence until, if I may so put it, we indulge in a true offensive. We must so organise our Air Service that we can give the Germans as good as they give us, and instead of being content to await their coming, search them out in their nests, as the phrase is, and burn them out of those nests. Let us praise heroic deeds and delight in every effective blow we can deliver in the air, but do not let us be turned aside from the only true remedy for these death-dealing and destructive enemy assaults from the air.

DRAMATIC EVENTS IMMINENT.

LOOK OUT FOR SOMETHING STARTLING—THE KAISER'S CATSPAW.

By E. Ashmead-Bartlett.

WHO would care to be a Hun to-day? The position of the Central Powers is like that of the buffaloes and Red Indians of North America, as the wave of civilisation advanced, yard by yard, from the north, south, east and west, gradually restricting their territory.

The lining up of Roumania on the side of the Champions of humanity and international law closes a huge gap in our iron wall which has been left open too long. It is an event of far-reaching importance, both materially and morally. Some six hundred thousand fresh soldiers now carry on the ever-advancing Russian line from Bukovina to the Danube. Battered and exhausted Austria has now to defend six hundred miles more of her mountainous frontier. Once the passes are forced and this flood tide breaks through into Transylvania and the plains of Hungary, it is surely all up with the Dual Empire. The three million Roumanians in Transylvania, who have long groaned under the Middle-Age tyranny of the Magyars are calling to their comrades across the mountains. Those comrades have now answered that call.

Banging the Doors.

Neither must we overlook the economic importance of Roumania's intervention. The German people have long been suffering a partial siege which has forced them to undergo a kind of organised starvation. Nevertheless, they could look at the map and comfort themselves on having still open certain doors through which limited supplies came to help them eke out their own miserable rations. During the past week the two most important of these doors have at length been closed. Italy, by declaring war on Germany, has shut the Swiss door with a snap, and now Roumania has "banged, barred and bolted" the main gate through which a continuous and very important supply of oil and grain has been reaching the Central Powers. Only a few wickets now remain open. A certain amount of food may still be sent across the Dutch frontier. Some goods undoubtedly reach Germany through Sweden, but since the Battle of Jutland our blockade of the Baltic has been more effective. But for these sources of supply all the gates are closed. A sense of suffocation and despair must now overwhelm the people of Germany and Austria. The balloon is still abnormally expanded, but at a dozen different points punctures are threatened which may let out the gas with a rush and cause the whole rotten fabric of militarism to collapse on the top of its occupants.

The Only Way.

By a strange irony, there is still one road open between the Central Powers and their two dupes, Bulgaria and Turkey. Passengers can still travel from Berlin and Vienna across the Danube through Belgrade, Nish, Sofia and Adrianople to Constantinople. But what a melancholy journey for those who desire to follow the *Via Dolores* of Germany's Near Eastern ambitions before it is too late! They must pass through devastated territories, with the guns of Salonika thundering from the south and with the guns of Roumania pounding away across the Danube from the north. Economically, this route is of no value to Germany and Austria, as Bulgaria and Turkey have not a biscuit or chicken to send them. All they can do is to whine for ammunition from their masters.

The question which immediately concerns us is, how long will the last gate in the Near East be left open for the "Balkan Zug" to puff its weary way from Berlin to Constantinople? Roumania holds all the keys to the Near East and to Constantinople. By declaring war on the Central Powers, she has placed them at the partial disposal of the Allies. But is she going to employ her armies against Bulgaria as well as against the Austrians in Transylvania? This is the vital issue. Roumania has not yet declared war on Turkey and Bulgaria, but Turkey and Bulgaria have declared war on her. So I suppose it amounts to the same thing. We do not want to make a limited use of the keys now in our possession; we want to unlock all the remaining doors in the Near East with them. The time has come to strike, and to strike hard, in the Balkans. We must finish with Bulgaria. Either by force of arms or by diplomacy we must drive her out of the war.

No More Half-Measures.

Such a step will close the last remaining gate between Germany and the outside world; and it will open up a route from Salonika through Macedonia, Serbia and Bulgaria across the Danube into Roumania which will enable us to keep the Russian armies in Bukovina and Galicia supplied with munitions for the great drive which is only just commencing against the Austrians in the Carpathians. Those who read the Duke de Morny's article last week will realise the supreme importance of this. To achieve such an end, every available Roumanian, Russian and Serbian should be hurled against Bulgaria, whilst Sarrail's army—relieved of the pressure on its front—forges its way up the valley of the Vardar into Macedonia. There must be no half measures—no more hanging back until the cat has jumped a bit further. Let us dictate our terms in the Near East, and have done with the matter once and for all. Greece must come in, or we must use her territory to bargain with others. Family relations cannot longer be allowed to stand between a nation and her true destiny. Constantine must choose between the Allies and the sister of the All Highest. That lady, whatever her virtues, has got "to get out or get under," and the whole crowd of German officials and intriguers must go with her. What a happy family the All Highest will soon have round him at Potsdam! Our motto must be, "Those who are not with us are against us."

Perhaps the most significant news of all is the dismissal of Von Falkenhayn and the substitution of Von Hindenburg. The Allies ought to erect a monument to Von Falkenhayn. He has been throughout the apostle of attack. In consequence, the German armies have been bled to death—in Russia, in attempts to break through to Calais, and before Verdun. What is the real significance of the appointment of Von Hindenburg? I am inclined to think, myself, that it presages a general retreat of the German armies to a shorter line both in the east and in the west. It is the Kaiser's delicate manner of breaking the evil tidings to the German people. Hindenburg is still the popular hero. He has never been defeated. He is not the Kaiser's man, as was Von Falkenhayn. The news will come with better grace from him. This is the last desperate attempt to preserve the Hohenzollern Dynasty. The popular hero, has been shoved in, at the eleventh hour, between the Kaiser and his people. We are certainly on the eve of dramatic developments. This is the third change in the General Staff since the war began. Von Moltke was good enough for Schleswig-Holstein, for the crushing of Austria in 1866 and for the Franco-German War. *C'est le commencement de la fin.*

Look out for something startling!

THE DAWN OF VENGEANCE.

THE MILLS OF GOD GRIND SLOWLY, BUT THEY GRIND EXCEEDING SMALL.

BY A. G. HALES.

THE moment Bulgaria threw down the gage of battle and committed national suicide, I wrote in these columns that the blow which should shatter Germany and the unholy alliance would be struck in the Near East. I spoke from intimate acquaintance with the people, and with geographical as well as topographical knowledge. Nor was I without personally acquired information concerning the races who occupy the territory that is about to become the cynosure of all eyes. Long ago in the pages of JOHN BULL I described the Bulgars as splendid soldiers, and their officers as highly trained and most capable leaders. They have proved my diagnosis to be perfectly correct, and it may well be that they will give a lot of trouble before they sink in the ruin of their own creating. The bane of their kingship is upon them; had they only been satisfied with a king of their own old peasant stock, such as they once had, they would not be in the terrible dilemma they are in to-day. Ferdinand has been an unmitigated curse to the Bulgars, and he, at all events, will pay the price to the uttermost farthing. I know the Bulgars, civilians and soldiers, and know they will never forgive him for tricking them into a war which scarcely concerned them. Bulgaria will go into the melting-pot, and deserve it for its folly. Ferdinand may think he will escape to America in one of the submarine liners; he will not, or if he does he will be followed and get his payment from some of the Bulgar people. They will send him a longer journey than Columbus ever took—for they risk all in a vendetta, and the vendetta is more popular with them than it once was with the Corsicans.

Guerra à la Cuchilla.

Will they have the sense to surrender when they see defeat is inevitable, or will they make it "war to the knife," as they have done more than once in their long and turbulent history? God knows; no one else can even guess what the Bulgars will do. They are between the Devil and the deep blue sea. Roumania will show them scant mercy, for there is much bad blood between the two peoples. Injuries that have been festering for generations will be settled now. The Roumanians and Bulgars never loved one another, though in many ways they are as much alike as two peas in a pod. Each is a nation of splendid athletes—broad-shouldered, deep-chested, active men; each nation is intelligent above the ordinary run of peasant nations; each has warlike traditions of a high order. Both are brave and love a fight to a finish, and their idea of a "finish" is a grim and deadly thing. Serbia—or all that is left of Serbia—will be clamouring to pay off heaped-up scores when Bulgaria is beaten to her knees; and Greece will come in, also, when there is nothing to do except trample a shattered Bulgaria in the mud. At present Serbia is fighting the Bulgars on one wing, and Roumania is sweeping like fire through flax across Hungary. In the end, I think, they will both concentrate on Bulgaria; and, if this be so, they will settle for all time one of the problems of the Balkans. Heaven help that portion of Bulgaria over which a victorious Serbian army sweeps! They will leave it desolate. The Bulgars showed them no mercy when, aided by Germans and Austrians, they had their will of Serbia—and those homeless, wifeless, childless men of Serbia will be like a wolf pack in the hour of their bitter vengeance. The dawn of that day of vengeance can be seen now in the Eastern sky; Austria cannot help—her cup is full; Germany will not, if it entails danger to herself to do so—she may make an effort to save Austria and Hungary, but Bulgaria, having played the German game, will be thrown to the dogs of war. Hindenburg is a disciple of Bismarck, and the sneer of the Iron Chancellor still lives—"The whole of the Balkans is not worth one Pomeranian Grenadier." Hindenburg will not forget it as soon as the Rhine is menaced.

The Turk's Part.

I think the bulk of the Turkish army will be thrown at Roumania; if this be so, there will be carnage unutterable, for both are fighters, both can give and take the steel, and each knows well the measure of the other—they have met as foemen in the shock of battle too often for either side to have any illusion concerning the other. The grey coats of the Russians will, however, be with the Roumanians to pay back the debt of kindness the Russians owed the Roumanians for coming to the aid of the Muscovites in the great Russo-Turkish war. They will prove a tower of strength to the little kingdom, those stalwart, phlegmatic soldiers of the Czar. History will be writing itself all over again when Muscovite and Roumanian and Turk meet in a death-grip, and the fighting is bound to be of the bloodiest description. But there can be only one issue; the Turks will be thrown back, and this time, please God, they will be driven out of Europe, which they have fouled for too long by their presence. For them, as well as for the Germans, the day of vengeance is dawning; the wholesale massacre of the Armenians will have to be paid for in blood and land and treasure. They belong to Asia, and to Asia they shall go; they have been an offence to the nostrils of Europe from the beginning—let them go to the waste places of the world, whence they should never have emerged. Their bolt is shot; the Crescent as an emblem of nationhood is nearly done with—one more sanguinary struggle and it will sink, as it rose, in blood. The Turks know no law but lust, no sceptre but the sword; they have spared none, shall they be spared? I trow not; the mills of God grind slowly but they grind exceeding small—and Turkey will soon be between the upper and the nether millstones, and the Almighty Miller will not spare this people.

Germany's Turn Coming.

When we took possession of Salonika, we made the best strategic move of the war. We owe *that* to Kitchener; since then, it has always been a matter of time when we should put our foot on the backbone of the unholy alliance and break it. There are only two moves in war, by land or sea, worth while—Nelson and Napoleon taught the modern mind that; Cæsar and Alexander taught it to the ancients. One is to turn the enemy's flank and envelop him; the other is to pierce his centre and dismember him—all strategy aims at one or the other of those issues. When we pierce right through the enemy in the Near East we dismember him; Germany will stand alone—the Allies can cut up Turkey, Bulgaria and Austria at their pleasure, each in its turn, whilst Germany is stewing in her own fat. Roumania has hastened the day; her star, rising in the East, heralds the hour of an outraged world's vengeance on the brood who, for the fifth time in history, have sown Europe with skulls. Will the Germans yield to the inevitable, or will they inaugurate new chapters of savagery before they are crushed? In my opinion, they will follow the latter course; monster Zeppelins and mammoth submarines will do their worst to injure and murder Britons. They may even dare, in their beast-like frenzy, to turn loose the much-vaunted army of scientists to write the blackest page in history. But the result will be the same—the dawn of vengeance is near!

A DUKE'S GIFT.

ALLEGATIONS, FIGURES AND REFLECTIONS.

Some of our Highland friends look askance at the Duke of Sutherland's "Gift to the Nation," holding that it is unattractive because it is so saddled with conditions. He offers, they tell us, his estate of Borgie for the settlement of twenty soldiers selected by himself, if the Government will spend £20,000 on improvements in two years, and a further large sum in making a light railway through his own estate to the nearest port, a railway which might cost anything up to £100,000. The estate is about 12,000 acres in extent, mostly occupied by sheep farmers, who pay, it is said, an average rent of about 4d. an acre. The value of the land, at 20 years' purchase, is some £4,000—perhaps £4,200—exclusive of the fishing rights, which the Duke reserves to himself by one more of his irksome conditions. If, on this basis, we give his Grace the benefit of several doubts, the cold fact remains that he offers land worth less than £5,000, contingent on the spending of some £100,000, which will vastly improve his other property. As the benefits resulting, if any, would be restricted to only twenty soldiers chosen by himself, it seems to us, on these figures, that the nation's money might be better employed in other localities, where the same sum would help a much larger number of soldiers, and where there would be no hampering restrictions and conditions such as appear to disqualify this gift from appearing as a generous one. In any event, although such offers are deserving of every consideration, and where practicable should be gratefully accepted, the question of the settlement of our heroes on the land seems to us one which should be decided by Parliament as a whole, in order that the various schemes for the permanent assistance of discharged soldiers may be co-ordinated to secure the ideal "greatest benefit for the greatest number."

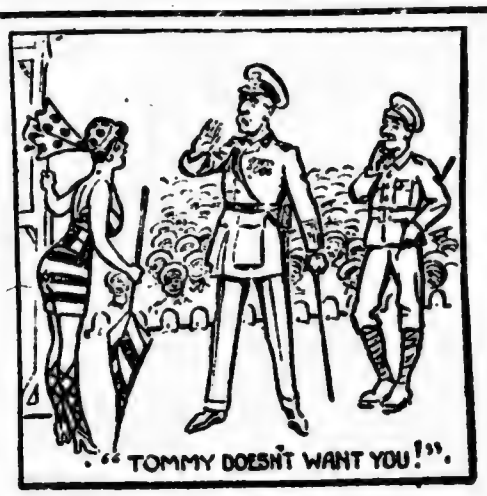
MORE TRIBUNAL CURIOS.

A FEW FLOWERS FROM A BIG BUNCH.

According to proceedings at Gravesend, when the case of a school teacher was announced as "settled" before he appeared at the Tribunal, certain Government Departments are shielding some of their young men by making private arrangements with the War Office. An appearance in front of a Tribunal just to say that all has been nicely fixed up, reduces that body to impotence. At Hebden Bridge a member of the Tribunal appealed for two of his sons. As he has six, and not one is serving, his membership of the Tribunal is by way of being an anomaly. At York Mr. Seebohm Rowntree secured exemption of some kind for five of his men, two of whom are growing tomatoes and one is raising chicory, while another is his private secretary. At Bristol a master pawnbroker was plainly told that his trade "is not of national importance." When he asked, "May I quote a precedent?" he was told "No." The Tribunal must have had a shrewd notion of the "precedent" he was anxious to quote! The allusion was to the case of Alderman Swaish, whose affairs have become the talk of Bristol. He is an ex-Mayor of the city; he is Chairman of the Tribunal, and owner of a number of pawnbroker's shops. It is a fact that he has been remarkably successful in securing conditional exemption for five of his managers, on the grounds, apparently, that his is a large business and that he pays much rates. His two sons are also concerned, one being rejected as unfit, the other exempt as "the head of a business of great magnitude." In the light of these particulars there is no wonder that small business men, who face ruin when called up, are making loud and bitter complaint, nor are we surprised that at least one of Mr. Swaish's cases is to be re-opened by the Military Representative.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES, BY THE "BOW-WOW."



Smith-Dorrien declares
That soldiers hate to see
Girls briefly dressed upon the stage:
We beg to disagree.

Roumania's bold act
Has Germany aghast:
All Kaiser Wilhelm's cherished plans
Must now be changed with haste.

The girls who till the soil
In trousered garb delight,
But Mrs. Grundy's prurient mind
Is staggered at the sight.

Still do the Huns obtain,
Through our supine blockade,
By way of Holland and the States,
The most substantial aid.

The long-nosed Ferdy sees
The horse he hoped would win,
With scarcely strength to stay the course,
Come miserably in.

With men like Duckers, what
Ought really to be done?
Should they be placed against the wall
And shot at rise of sun?

ANOTHER TALE OF MUNITIONS.

DOUBLE PAY FOR MEN WHO'VE GOT NO WORK TO DO.

"Sir," wrote "George Roddich, Director of C.M. 7" at the Ministry of Munitions, to a worker at Woolwich Arsenal, "I am directed to inform you in reply to your letter of the 14th inst. that if you have any complaint to make you should, in accordance with the Ordnance Factory Rules, address your communication in the first instance to your foreman." The cause of the man's letter to the Minister of Munitions was the shocking waste of time and money in the buildings in which he is supposed to work. "We have to go to work on Sunday," is the way he puts it to us, "and there is nothing for us to do. The same on Saturday afternoons. It is always the same; no work and double pay. The men object to this no work business, but nothing is done to get us work. This I told to this Minister. I enclose reply. If I go to the foreman I can get no satisfaction, as he is the man to blame. To think our politicians are calling out for more and more munitions, and we can't get to work on them." Note that sentence, "No work and double pay." Waste of time; waste of money—what is the meaning of it all? Does the Minister of Munitions himself know what is happening, and if so can he explain why it happens? Why pay men double for pretending to work on Sundays and Saturday afternoons when there is no work for them to do? Business men, sane men, anybody who does not carry timber under his hat, cannot understand why, as British taxpayers, their money should be shed for such a bluff. According to Mr. Geo. Roddich, Director of C.M. 7, the foreman's business is to look after the men; whose business is it, we should like to know, to look after the foreman? Perhaps the Hon. E. S. Montagu, Minister of Munitions, will tell us. Perhaps, too, at the same time, Mr. Montagu will inquire into the allegation which has reached us that, when patriotic munition workers exert themselves in the Arsenal, some of the men whose duty it is to keep pace with them kick, and procure the intervention of the foreman who—on the pretext that the shell-cases or what not are not being made to the exact measurement (he, having the gauges, is the sole arbiter in such a matter) stops the machine of the too energetic worker until things have adjusted themselves to suit the lethargic movements of the "shop" as a whole.

ROTTEN POTATOES FOR THE ARMY.

WHY THE WAR IS COSTING £6,000,000 A DAY.

The Government have made large purchases of potatoes for export to our troops in France. One day recently Mr. Dale, of Sandtoft Grange, Doncaster, was instructed to load twenty tons at once. Mr. Dale told the Purchasing Officer that those he was then delivering were the most delicate variety grown, "green on the top, tender in the skin, already a little diseased, and utterly unfit for export." The same day Mr. Dale received a letter from the head office at York intimating that the shipment, some 2,000 tons in all, would take a fortnight before it was completely loaded. The potatoes would be at least another week in the ship's hold before unloading in France, and even then they would have to be distributed. "I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion," says Mr. Dale, "that practically the whole consignment will be perfectly rotten." Another consignment of 2,000 tons of the same variety was despatched under the same conditions the week previously. "We are told," Mr. Dale sums up, "that the war is costing us six millions a day, and no wonder if public money and farm produce are wasted like this. £25,000 these two consignments of potatoes will cost the British ratepayer, and the troops will still be without potatoes fit for human consumption." Wherever you turn, in the conduct of the war, you find this reckless, crack-brained, woeful waste; and all the time the Government, with their tongues in their cheeks, are preaching economy and allowing the prices of foodstuffs and general commodities to soar higher and higher, utterly helpless—and, as one would think, callously indifferent to the financial and physical strain on the less well-to-do classes of the community. What an unconscionable shame it all is!

A CREEPING WALTZ.

THE DILATORY METHODS OF A MUSIC FIRM.

It may be the war, or it may be the weather, but, whatever the excuse, there seems to be a deplorable slackness about the business methods of Messrs. West and Co., Music Publishers, of 23 and 24, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, W. An Essex reader, having composed a waltz tune, submitted the music to Messrs. West and Co., with a request for publication. Having given the matter "careful consideration," the publishers proposed certain terms, involving an initial outlay by the composer of £4 5s. 6d., and the subsequent payment to him of an agreed royalty upon copies sold. Eager to get his work on the market, our correspondent lost no time in forwarding a cheque for the amount named; but, though prompt in their acknowledgment of his remittance, Messrs. West and Co. were far slower to perform their part of the contract. It was rather more than two months before proofs of the music were submitted, and still another three months before the composer was favoured with the usual free copies. In this way matters drifted along to the agreed date of the first royalty settlement, when, as no sales had yet been possible, a further six months' delay was entailed. Nor was this the limit of procrastination on the part of Messrs. West and Co. The second settling day, June 30th last, saw matters little further advanced. "All accounts," explained the long-winded publishers, "are sent out at the earliest possible moment, and composers would assist us by not involving us in unnecessary correspondence on this matter." In other circumstances, this plea might have weight, but such forbearance on the part of clients would imply a measure of confidence which the methods of Messrs. West and Co. are ill-calculated to inspire. As it is, our correspondent, after twelve months of waiting, has no guarantee that his music has ever been placed on the market at all, nor has he yet received a penny to set off against the £4 5s. 6d. acknowledged by Messrs. West and Co. as long ago as May 18th, 1915. The course of the composer is, like that of the poet, stormy and difficult. It is therefore all the harder that, when the promised land of publicity and fame looms in the offing, a West wind should deflect from its course the argosy which bears all his hopes.

"OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN——"

MORE WAR-TIME SAVING EXTRAORDINARY.

With the heading, printed in large type, "John Bull's Match Saver," and making considerable display of an extract from this journal—which merely pointed out the manner in which the public were, and are, being defrauded by manufacturers mixing matches with a considerable percentage of untipped wooden strips—Gaiger and Co., of 5, Eyre Terrace, Edinburgh, issue a handbill offering "The Latest Novelty" by which you can "use your matches over and over again." Upon sending the price, "6½d., post free to any address," a reader found he had to pay the postman another twopence as excess, but from Messrs. Gaiger's glowing description of the invention, reinforced by an enthusiastic testimonial from a Scottish newspaper, he still hoped that the outlay would be more than justified. Imagine his disgust, on opening the package, to find that it contained a trumpery tin taper-holder, attached to the end of which is a subsidiary holder for a match—the idea being to "save matches" by re-kindling the used stump at a fire or other light! Why it should be necessary to buy a holder when a spill of waste-paper would effect an even greater economy, Messrs. Gaiger do not explain. Our Scottish contemporary says that it is "proud to say that the little match-saver has been invented by a woman"—the firm themselves adding the information that "she saved, by using the saver, in one week more than the cost of it." Even at present prices, the economy claimed represents two boxes of matches a day! Possibly the lady sits all day on show, lighting and putting out gas jets to demonstrate the wonder-worker—although we can hardly believe that such a display would result in sales. Those householders who wish to frustrate the machinations of the match manufacturers will, if they respond to Gaiger's appeals, be but stepping out of the frying-pan into the fire!

A home paper that is fit for the home—"Everywoman's."

THE CHALLENGE.

JOHN BULL (To Holland): "Who goes there? Friend or Foe?"

Plain Words to the Dutch

HOLLAND—FRI

By THE

IT is time we had a very straight talk with Holland, and other Neutrals who are thinking only of their pockets, and nothing of the future, are invited to listen—it will do them no harm. I think it was Mr. Bonar Law, in the early days of the war, when from the greater freedom of the Opposition benches he sometimes said very sane and useful things, who declared there were no Neutrals in this conflict—a nation was either with the Allies or against them. I would any day prefer an open enemy to a doubtful friend—at least, you know where you are. What is Holland? Yes, it is about time the question was put very bluntly. I know the Foreign Office would shudder at the mere idea of being so brutally frank. But if Viscount Grey and his colleagues in the Cabinet are afraid to put the question, it must be left for others to administer the necessary interrogatories.

Friend or Foe?

So, I repeat, What is Holland—is she friend or foe? I am about to show that to all intents and purposes—in the real practical effects of her conduct—she is unfriendly. She is succouring the enemy of civilisation. she is "giving aid and comfort" to those who broke the peace of Europe and tried to dominate the world. Holland—a little nation herself; very near to Germany; held of no account by the Kaiser and his war gang, who, if it suited their purpose, would treat her with the same shameful ruthlessness as was poured out on Belgium—Holland is helping the Hun to hold out, is doing her best to delay the day of peace, and thus is contributing to pile up the mountains of dead and make wider the rivers of blood. Holland is feeding Germany; and so long as the German soldier can find food, so long will the merciless military machine drive him on to death, in a frantic but hopeless attempt to stem the tide of victory rolling in for the Allies in great overwhelming waves. But Holland is not only feeding Germany; she is doing her best to starve us—in other words, if we had to depend upon our dear Dutch friends alone for our oversea supplies of food, we could not fight another fortnight. Of late there has been much discussion in and out of Parliament about this Dutch business, but, as usual, nothing is done—and now that Ministers have six weeks' freedom from the worries of Westminster, I want to bring home to them, in the seclusion of Downing Street and Whitehall, the real menace of the position. If our Government will only deal with Holland with real sternness, and drop the present kid-glove methods, we may yet see a change. For, let it not be forgotten, we have the weapon to our command—the Navy has plenty of time on its hands at the moment. Moreover, in teaching the Dutch a lesson we shall be contributing something more to that great and wonderful joint action of the Allies which is bringing the end of the war within sight. We alone have the power to combine sea with land offensive; we are the supreme naval power of the world. If the Dutch continue to fill their pockets by selling to the Germans, and refusing to sell to us—then, in the name of our sea supremacy and in the name of common sense, let us hold up supplies to the Netherlands, and so prevent this neutral nation from aiding Germany, as she is doing, just as effectively as if her own troops were co-operating in the field with the Hun forces.

Startling Figures.

In spite of all that is happening over the vast and scattered fields of war, the people of Germany are as yet ignorant of the fate reserved for them. Hindenburg, the idol, has been raised by the despairing Kaiser upon a yet higher pedestal, so that a deluded nation, while indulging in hero worship, may have its eyes diverted from the true picture of coming defeat. But so soon as the women of Germany—those women who laughed with glee at the *Lusitania* murders and who sing songs of exultation at each new crowning infamy—come to understand all that is meant by the grip of the Allies, so soon will Germany crumble from within and, broken in spirit as he is already weakened on every front, the once arrogant and confident Hun will throw up the sponge. But the surest and greatest route to that pre-destined end is to starve him out. Yet, as we know, it is the Neutrals, and notably Holland, who are feeding the foe, and thus delaying the hour of our triumph. Let me quote a few figures—they are worth keeping in mind. Take three articles of food vital to the German, and see what our Dutch "friends" are doing. Before the war Holland was quite ready to send her butter, cheese and meat to England. Now she prefers to nourish our enemy. While in the first six months of this year Germany received 19,000 tons of butter, we obtained only 97 tons from Holland, which means that there went over the border into Germany 12,000 tons more than in 1914, while there came across the sea to us 2,900 tons less. We obtained from the Dutch 9,700 tons of cheese in 1914; Germany got 6,000 tons. Now the figure for the enemy is 46,000 tons and for us a miserable 668 tons—an increase on the one hand of 40,000 tons and on the other a decrease of 9,032 tons. In meat the totals are not less eloquent of Dutch "friendliness" for the country which is fighting the battle of the little nations. Before the war Holland sent 34,400 tons of meat to British ports and only 5,800 tons to Hun-land. But in the first six months of this year Germany got 40,000 tons and we received a paltry 1,630 tons—enemy increase 34,200 tons, British decrease 32,770 tons. Is not that an answer to my question: Is Holland our friend or our foe?

How *We* Feed the Enemy.

Let it be remembered that the action of the Dutch helps to increase the cost of food in this country. The Germans are eating the bacon which ought to be on our tables. We are paying a price for bacon to-day which makes it impossible for the poor man to taste it, because, for the first five months of this year, our Dutch "friends" sent us only 32 tons, whereas we received from them 20,000 tons in the same period

IEND OR FOE?

E EDITOR.

Startling Food Figures

of 1914. We are allowing to be carried to Holland maize with which the Dutch feed their pigs. Then they export the pork to the enemy! A wonderful people, aren't we? Holland can do as she pleases. If she prefers to help the enemy, that is her business. If she is fool enough to shut her eyes to facts, let her act like a blind fool. If Germany thought it would suit her plans, she would violate Dutch neutrality to morrow, and make another Belgian shambles in the Netherlands. Did not the German Chancellor actually declare, when he was trying to hide the designs of the Kaiser, that it would be impossible to violate Belgian neutrality without including Holland in the infamous act; and do the Dutch people imagine for a moment that their turn would not come if Germany were victorious? Oh, yes! She knows all that, and yet she is helping the enemy with all her material resources. Well, as I say, that is their affair—and the day of reckoning will come.

Our Plain Duty.

But, while Holland may choose to play her own game, it leaves us free to play *ours*. And ours is plain and simple. We can to-morrow stop this sordid business of Neutral riches won at the expense of the blood and suffering of the Allies. We can, and should, prevent any foodstuffs reaching Holland by sea—that is, any food above and beyond the amount she imported before the war. While we allow Holland to be fed from overseas, she is able to pass on her home-grown food to Germany. Our Navy holds the seas—it is a precious weapon of offence and defence, and it cannot be used to more legitimate purpose than in starving out Germany. The sooner the Hun's belly is pinched the better for everyone—yes, even for the Hun, although that doesn't influence *me*. Think what it means to hasten victory by a week, or a day—yes, by even a few hours. It means the saving of millions of money, and what matters so much more—the saving of thousands of lives. All this brings us once again to the great question of the blockade. Let the Neutral whine. He would have whined to very different purpose if we had left our Allies to fight alone, and the Hun had proved victorious. By whining now he will really be whining for his own good. So long as we permit Neutrals to feed the enemy, so long are we playing false to our Allies. If we only allow these "friends" sufficient food to feed themselves, they will take care that none of it reaches the Hun. No wonder we protested against the employment of "British" representatives of German parentage in Holland when upon them so much depends! We need a ruthless policy for the starving of Germany. The enemy is growing desperate in sight of impending defeat. He now threatens us with submarine "frightfulness" more bitter and inhuman than before. If he could, he would sink at sight every ship that brings wheat to this country; if he could, he would starve us out. Well, let him try. We have scotched the submarine before; we have sunk them to a total never publicly announced—that would annoy the enemy!—and our gallant sea lads will sink them again. But just as we want no brains fed by German blood to be concerned in those smashing terms of peace which should be dictated on the battle-field—just as we will have no Neutral interference with the spoils of victory—so we have a right to demand that no man who, through birth or marriage, may have the smallest feeling for the Hun, shall be concerned in the task of starving out Germany. It was a gross insult to ourselves and our Allies to send a man with German blood in his veins to Rotterdam—to the very pivot point of all this Dutch trading with the enemy; just as it is equally wrong and stupid that another gentleman of German blood should be at the right hand of our Minister in Holland, actively concerned in measures on which depend whether the Dutch play the game towards us, or help to prevent us from putting the pinch of want on to the German stomach. Whether it be a Holzapfel or an Oppenheimer—we want no man of German blood in a position of such grave responsibility—or indeed in any position at all.

No German Blood.

And surely it is proper, when we realise how contrary to the public spirit are such Foreign Office appointments, to direct attention once more to the fact that Sir Eyre Crowe, Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is the son of a German mother, and married to a German wife. I know it is urged that he is an able and a faithful public servant, and I know that Viscount Grey has the highest opinion of him, and acts upon his judgment and advice in matters of the gravest importance. But we do not want a man of German blood and intimate German connections in an important and responsible position at the Foreign Office. I cannot forget that Sir Eyre Crowe was one of those who were primarily responsible for the Declaration of London, which whittled down the strength of our sea power and so weakened us before the enemy. I cannot forget that the Declaration, which the Government have now been compelled to tear up, was fought for in Parliament with all the weight the Foreign Office could command. I cannot forget a good many other things, about which the least said at present the better. We are out to smash the Germans, and we want no persons of German blood to have any part in determining the strength of the blow—or the nature of our peace terms. Holland must be brought to her senses, I repeat, and we have the means to do it, and to do it drastically. The Dutch cannot complain if we put the interests of ourselves and our Allies before every other consideration. We are prepared to make any sacrifice—even if it involves neutral goodwill—rather than run the smallest risk of prolonging the war. For the moment, our Dutch friends may think they know on which side their bread is buttered—particularly as we have foolishly helped to butter it. But it is time that we altered our methods and the Dutch distinguished between friend and foe—between Britain and Germany. Come, Holland, make up your mind—which is it to be?

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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THE ROUMANIAN AMBASSADOR.

Good evenin', sir. . . . '*Air trimmin'?* Well, sir, I should be glad to erblige you, but I've made a sorter reserlooshun not to shave or cut no foreign aliens 'cept *hour* Allies, sich as French, Belgiums, Russians, Porchewgeeses, and I-talians, wot's fightin' with us, not on no account, becos you never knows 'oo you're 'arberin' in yore bosom, so ter speak. . . . Wot, *you're the Roumanian Minister?* Then set right down, sir!—yore Excellency, I s'pose I *should* say. I'm on'y too pleased ter do anythink for yer. I looks on you as a pal, sir, if you'll erlow me ter say so. I'll admit I 'aven't thort much o' Roumania until jist lately; but since you've come into the woro I reckon they're all right. Sensible people, the Roumanians, sir, if a trifle slow. But I dessay they've 'ad good reasons fur keepin' outer the woro up to jist lately. It wosn't thet they've 'ad a lot o' love fur the Austrians an' 'Uns, I take it, but becos they've bin waitin' fur the cycleogicle moment, as they calls it, so as to be able to butt in with more effect. Well, you've done it, sir; an' from wot I 'ears you've give the Austrians an' the 'Uns a narsty jar, having already capchered several important places, whose long names I'm afraid I've forgot, but which are very important in the new campaign. I fency the 'Uns thort you'd never join in, sir, or at least, if you did, it would be on their side, becos yore king is kinder related to the blinkin' great I Am of Potsdam. But relashunship don't orlways count, do it, sir? If there's a bad member o' the fambly it don't orlways mean the rest of 'em must foller in 'is footsteps. For there's more important intrests then the fambly, spishlly w'en it's a royal one. Look at our King George, Gawd bless 'im! 'E's sorter related to the Prize 'Un, but it never stopped 'im sayin' wot 'e thort of 'im, or prevented 'im settin' erbout givin' 'im a 'idin like wot 'e deserves an' 'as arsked for. Same with yore king, mister. 'E's kep' Germany in suspense fur months an' months an' months, an' 'as got the 'Uns to 'elp to equip 'is army, till the beastly Boches thort 'e wos comin' in on their side. But 'e knew better. 'E could see 'oo wos goin' ter win the wore, an' on'y waited till 'e could butt in to advantage, like. Thet's diplomacy, w'en you weighs it up. If 'e'd come in before, Roumania might 'ave bin wiped out be now, like wot Serbia was, pritty near. P'raps Roumania'll do more to shorten the wore by comin' in now then she would 'ave done if she'd come in sooner. You never can tell. Corse, we wos disappointed w'en you wouldn't come in before, but I s'pose you know yore own bizniss best. Now, all we wants is Greece to do the straight thing, an' Austria 'Ungary'll soon look sick an' chuck up the sponge. You kin tell yore king, sir, w'en you writes to 'im, thet JOHN BULL'S Barber sends 'is kind regards, an' thanks 'is Majesty fur 'elpin' ter finish the wore before Chrissmuss, w'ich I fency'll be the case. . . . Short enough, sir? . . . Thank you, sir. Good evenin', yore Excellency.

RACING NOTES.

By "THE SQUIRE."

Before my Notes again appear in print, racing will have been resumed at Newmarket, where, on the first day (Tuesday), I fancy the QUEEN CAMILLA colt may win the Tuesday Selling Nursery, and DUKE OF TIPPERARY—or, if sent instead, MOFAT—the Selling Welter (Class II). MENLO, too, must have a great chance in Class 1. of the same race. I can't help thinking that the Dicker stable will win a race or two before the season ends.

The "Special," published next Monday afternoon, and on sale at the bookstalls in the evenings, will deal fully with the meeting, at which there are some very important events to be decided. To make certain of securing a copy, it should be ordered in advance, either from a newsagent or at a bookstall or, better still, direct from Messrs ODHAMS, LTD., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. (price 6d.).

The wire services will be resumed for the meeting, but fuller particulars will be sent to all clients by post. Last back-end, it will be remembered, the wires met with great success, and I am confident that we are in for another good time now. All wire inquiries must be addressed to me, c.o JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

OUT TO-DAY!—GONE TO-MORROW!

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The following have sent in correct claims:—

RALPH H. BROWN, 67, Carville Road, Byker, Newcastle-on-Tyne. August 12th. 178,239.

J. YEOMAN, 108, Sussex Street, Poplar. August 12th. 438,927.

Mrs. A. SIMPSON, Brunswick Road Infant School, Penrith. August 19th. 255,847.

Tpr. E. LAW, 2nd Life Guards, Combermere Barracks, Windsor. August 19th. 936,758.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of September 2nd:—

036,106	357,693	572,200	833,437	A148,742
045,850	382,827	638,571	856,695	A160,503
072,322	422,769	640,326	870,649	A193,008
130,547	445,213	674,243	913,148	A230,937
157,819	458,569	716,728	965,249	A274,337
185,110	483,104	752,160	987,462	A281,852
188,436	491,587	761,479	A034,330	A319,634
229,582	510,224	789,252	A055,824	A336,120
246,974	536,476	827,156	A078,536	A358,702
320,110	559,983	833,005	A123,220	A384,828

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates that it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Sept. 13th).

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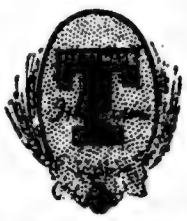

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JIM SULLIVAN.

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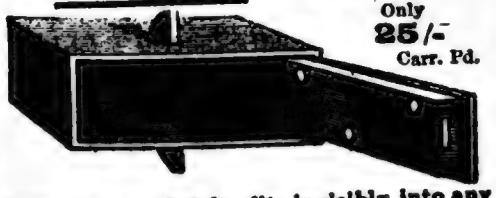

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TALKS WITH NOTORIOUS HUNS.

BY OUR OWN DISTINGUISHED NEUTRAL.

VON HINDENBURG.

Immediately the news reached me that Von Falkenhayn had fallen and Von Hindenburg had stepped into his dirty shoes, I hastened to Berlin to congratulate the latter upon his promotion.

I found him looking far from happy, seated in the office of the Chief of General Staff and of the Field Army.

"Congrats, old sport!" I cried, slapping him on the shoulder.

To my surprise, Von Hindenburg shrank from my hearty salutation.

"What is this?" I exclaimed. "Why are you looking so infernally miserable? This should be the happiest day of your life. The great It, the All-Highest Hun, has singled you out for the greatest distinction in his power to bestow in war-time—the direction of his armies in the field. So smile, damn you, smile! Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and show a proper appreciation of the honour done you!"

If anything, a deeper gloom settled on the painful features of the great German.

"This is the last thing I wanted," he said.

"It will probably be the last thing in the way of honours that you will get," I remarked brightly.

"That is what I feel," responded Paul, stirring uneasily in his chair. "I stand pretty well with the German people at the moment, and now the Kaiser condemns me to lose my popularity."

"Then you don't expect to pursue your hitherto victorious course?" I asked.

"The Kaiser has selected *me* to be in office when the German armies crumple up, and the Russians, French, Roumanians, Serbs, Italians, and the B1 classes of the British army pour into the Fatherland."

"Not to mention the Greeks," I added.

Von Hindenburg turned hideously pale.

"What?" he cried. "You don't mean to say Greece has joined the ranks of our enemies?"

"I am not sure at the moment whether the Greeks have yet chucked their hat into the ring," I replied, "but if not, they will very shortly. They have only been waiting for Roumania."

Von Hindenburg ground his teeth.

"Your wiser plan would be to ground your arms," I hinted, "stand clear, and dismiss. The B1 men of the British army are quite ready to act as the Army of Occupation in Germany, so there is no need for you to carry on the fatuous farce of trying to fight the whole civilized world any longer."

"I'm quite ready to throw up the sponge," responded Von Hindenburg, "but the All Highest won't hear of it."

"Then he deserves 'something with boiling oil in it,'" I said.

Von Hindenburg shuddered.

"With all his faults, I cannot wish him such a fearful fate as that," he muttered, and turned wearily to his papers.

Riley's Remarkable Free Trial Offer

A splendid Billiard Table in your home for a small first payment now.

8/6 down brings to your home at once a Riley Home Billiard Table. Send for it to-day. The balance you pay in 14 monthly sums of 8s. 6d.

You may learn to play the most fascinating of games by taking advantage of our offer to-day.

We will send a Riley Miniature Billiard Table to your home, strongly packed, and carriage paid if you live in the United Kingdom within one mile of a railway station. You may play on it for seven days, and then if you are not satisfied—pack it up, advise us, and we will have it removed.

You will enjoy the game too well to send it back—you will find it such a good way to fill in the long winter evenings—the whole family will be so much in love with the game that you will not be "allowed" to return it.

Riley's Miniature Billiard Table

is built to fit securely, and with perfect balance, on any dining table. Made in solid mahogany (French-polished), with best slate bed and low frost-proof cushions. All accessories are included in the purchase price, and you may have ivory or crystalate balls, as you wish. Every table guaranteed perfect.

This shows Riley's Miniature Table resting on an ordinary dining table.

		£	s.	d.
Size 4 ft. 4 ins. by 2 ft. 4 ins.	...	3	15	0
„ 5 ft. 4 ins. „ 2 ft. 10 ins.	...	4	15	0
„ 6 ft. 4 ins. „ 3 ft. 4 ins.	...	5	15	0
„ 7 ft. 4 ins. „ 3 ft. 10 ins.	...	7	15	0
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is a combination of a handsome dining table and a first-class billiard table. Made of solid mahogany with low frost-proof cushions and best quality slate bed; fitted with patent automatic action for raising and lowering. The dining table top is in highly-polished mahogany, and the table carries our perfection guarantee.

Cash prices are:—		£	s.	d.
Size 5 ft. 4 ins. by 2 ft. 10 ins.	...	13	10	0
„ 6 ft. 4 ins. „ 3 ft. 4 ins.	...	15	0	0
„ 7 ft. 4 ins. „ 3 ft. 10 ins.	...	18	10	0
„ 8 ft. 4 ins. „ 4 ft. 4 ins.	...	24	10	0
„ 9 ft. 4 ins. „ 4 ft. 10 ins.	...	32	0	0

Can also be had in 13 or 18 monthly payments.

Every Riley Billiard Table is as perfect as high-class workmanship and materials can make it—and is guaranteed to give full satisfaction.

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TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

Suffering South Africans.

Six months ago a draft of "Bob-a-Day Tourists" were brought over from South Africa on the *Llanstephen Castle*. When being paid at Bordon Camp quite recently, their money was docked to the extent of 5d. a man for damage alleged to have been done on board during the voyage. We have our doubts about the alleged damage, and would ask why it took six months to assess the amount. We cannot believe that the Union Castle Company have had a hand in this belated deduction.

Egypto-English.

There are Babus on the banks of the Nile as well as in India. Here is the complaint of one of them, written to the provost authorities: "Dear Sergeant. In dis morning me did come in the camp to see have rubbish or no. The Smole Policeman, when he see me come in the camp. He says Amshy. And in this morning me go to the camp to ask the man. If he get rubbish or no this man meet me in their. he says gon, and did hit me two sticks." We hope the "Smole policeman" was suitably punished. After all, our native auxiliaries are gallantly bearing their part, and their complaints deserve inquiry.

Grievances at Grantham.

We have often said pointed things about the Belton Park Camp at Grantham. On behalf of the A.S.C. men there, we now kick against the practice of having kit inspections at 7 o'clock on Saturday evenings. The men do a hard week's work, and are entitled to a little time for recreation.

A Hint to the Boss.

Will the Director-General of Medical Services run down to the Military Hospital at Bramshott and inspect it? He might look into the record concerning the patients who died from pneumonia last winter and decide whether the geysers are in order, and whether it would be wise to lay on hot water. He will find that no radiators exist, and that if the ward windows are opened in winter there will be a demand for gun-carriages. The patients complain of the inadequacy of the bedclothing supplied, and other matters. In the temporary huts erected for post office, pay office, and such departments all over the Kingdom, adequate steps were taken to provide warmth and other comforts for the healthy men, and we should like to see the same provisions made for our sick and convalescent soldiers at Bramshott.

About Inoculation.

We receive numerous letters from soldiers asking if inoculation and vaccination are compulsory. The answer is in the negative, but we regret to know that many Commanding Officers, probably urged by the War Office, inflict all kinds of minor punishments on their men to compel them to undergo an operation that may—we speak from the evidence before us—destroy a man for life. A few hours before Lord Kitchener started on his fatal voyage he had a conversation with a deputation of Members of Parliament. Replying to Mr. Chancellor, he stated that the matter of inoculation was left to the voluntary consent of the individual, and if the man had conscientious objections no pressure was to be brought to bear on him. What has the Army Council to say to this? Will they issue an order to Commanding Officers, telling them that it is illegal to use Prussian methods to compel our soldiers to undergo an operation that cannot legally be performed unless our men consent to it?

Those Conscientious Objectors!

We do admire the field ambulance sections of the R.A.M.C., who have to go into the heat of the battle to pick up our wounded, and in doing so run enormous risks. For the first time, too, we feel sympathy for the orderlies who run no risk, as in respect of them derisive words have been fitted to "R.A.M.C." The conscientious objectors, we find, have been formed into a hospital corps called the "Friends' Ambulance Union." A case has been brought to our notice in which a Quaker had his two sons exempted owing to their conscientious objection, they not believing in the spilling of blood, even that of their enemies. But the funny part is, that the Quaker father has more than once discharged his gun at little boys who were robbing his orchard, and his favourite sport seems to be shooting innocent birds which peck at his fruit.

A Tip to the Colonel.

Two hundred men of the 13th R.W. Surrey Regiment (Labour Battalion) were sent some weeks ago to Woolwich Arsenal for heavy munitions duty. When they got there no provision was made for their food or their pay, and their kits were lost for thirteen days. Then they sent their spare shirts to the wash; but the garments were absent for several weeks. We can imagine the plight of the men who had to do strenuous work for weeks in a combined day shirt and pyjama suit. The men suffer from other serious grievances, and we would ask Lieut.-Col. Smithers if he can do nothing better for his men.

The Question of Leave.

The ladies, particularly the married ones, send numerous letters begging us to get their male friends and relations leave. This, however, is absolutely impossible so far as we are concerned. We should like to see every soldier getting a week-end leave; but we are at war now, and if we allowed Sir Douglas Haig's command to come home, the enemy would be in Paris. Soldiers are something more to-day than employees in commercial houses. Their work is cut out for them, and they must keep pegging away, without leave, and sometimes for weeks on a stretch without an hour off.

The Regimental Baby.

Mill Hill and Crowndale Road take the biscuit for medically passing recruits who would scarcely be of value for turning into manure for agricultural purposes. We often wonder if the medical officers are given so much per skull for every man they pass. The former recruiting station has, among numerous other no-goods, sent to the Army a man under five feet, whose chest measurement is 27 inches and whose weight is such that he would be blown out of the United Kingdom if he were in the open during an equinoctial gale. The State pays for the training of those "stiffs" until they are kicked out as physical wrecks and thrown on the rates as paupers.

A Word to Jack.

Now that we are giving you and Tommy a whole page to yourselves each week, we hope that every lad afloat or temporarily ashore, when in any serious trouble or aware of any grievance or injustice, will not hesitate to "write to JOHN BULL about it." We will do the rest.

Be True to the Sailor.

Mr. Balfour is a keen golfer and philosopher, and he carries his enthusiasm into every job which he undertakes. As First Lord, he naturally hears about the big things in the Navy, but not about the small matters relating to that Department. We would; therefore, advise him to spend a couple of days among the men of the drifter and patrol boats. If he does so, we promise him that he will discover many grievances, particularly in connection with the miserable allowances for food. He will also find that cooks afloat are few and far between, and if he keeps his eyes open he will notice what we have seen—skippers coming down to their boats with loaves of bread under their arms. The nation foots the bill, and we are determined that Jack shall be honestly treated. At present he—or some of him—are offering their lives in the most dangerous of services for pay and treatment that an agricultural labourer would turn his nose up at.

Old Hands Stand Fast.

The Admiralty regulations are in many ways very complicated. But this notwithstanding, there is no reason why the conscript should be given "most favoured nation treatment" to the detriment of the bluejackets of Regulation stamp whom we all love. No old hand who has finished his twelve years' time is allowed to go through for a higher gunnery or torpedo rating than he holds. This embargo has been taken off the conscript. The latter are, also, being chosen for the motor-boat patrol section, active service men being given the cold shoulder. The grievance here is that the conscript is granted about twice as much pay per day as is received by the trained bluejacket.

Jack's Leave.

When ships arrive at Portsmouth, the men before leaving for the depot are told that, by order of the Admiralty, they are to have as much leave as possible. In practice, they get only an occasional night off, instead of the usual three nights out of four. Hence considerable discontent is rife, particularly among the men who have served a commission of a couple of years afloat, are married, and live in port. We surely should be able to do something better for the brave chaps.

Too Old at Forty-five.

In the Naval Barracks at Portsmouth is displayed a notice telling men of over 45 years of age that they may claim their discharge and go back to civil life. Why not transfer them to dockyard or local duties, instead of throwing them on the civil labour market?

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

Pte. E. A. Gibbs, 7617, C Co., The Buffs Rgt.; Pte. A. V. Chapman, 27908, Northd. Fusrs.; Sgt. C. A. Wheeler, 594, No. 1 Co., City of London Rgt., L.R.B.; Pte. W. Gravestock, 6505, C Co., London Scottish; Pte. W. A. Young, 26320, B Co., H.L.I.; Pte. W. Lowthwaite, 15604, A Co., Border Rgt.; L.-Cpl. A. R. Smith, A Co., Queen's Westminsters; Rfm. E. W. E. Reynolds, 4416, C Co., Queen's Westminster Rifles; Rfm. E. S. Hall, 4189, 7th Platoon, B Co., Queen Victoria Rifles; Tpr. W. Taylor, R Squadron, 1027, Lanarkshire Yeo.; Cpl. J. Evans, 8988, A Co., Q. Royal W. Surreys; Pte. W. K. Datton, 867, D Co., A.I.F.; Rfm. W. A. Wormall, 4153, A Co., Queen Victoria Rifles; Pte. J. R. Chapman, 10943, B Co., South Lancs. Rgt.; Pte. R. Martin, 26283, A Co., H.L.I.; Pte. P. Buck, 2754, Y Co., 11th Platoon, Lancs. Fus.; Pte. J. C. Swift, 3115, A Co., R. Warwicks Rgt.; Pte. W. Smith, 9935, A Co., Welsh Rgt.; Pte. L. Roper, 2685, B Co., R. Warwicks. Rgt.; Pte. J. Holyoak, 1321, Northd. Fus.; Pte. A. Cracknell, 23495, B Co., Suffolk Rgt.

"1916"
THE YEAR OF "NERVE STRAIN."

The Prevention of Nervous Breakdown by Timely "Nourishment" of the Nerves.

EVERY NERVE SUFFERER WILL BE VITALLY INTERESTED IN A PRODUCT WHICH IS TAKING THE PLACE OF ORDINARY NERVE TONICS, MEDICINES, AND STIMULANTS.

PUBLIC DISTRIBUTION OF LIBERAL TRIAL SUPPLIES.

When health breaks down beneath the Strain of War, Anxiety or Overwork, then comes the problem of "Lost Nerve Power," and when the sure signs of Nerve Exhaustion, such as Sleeplessness, Depression, Loss of Energy, Brain Fag, General Debility, etc., manifest themselves, the popular tendency is to fly to some drug or so-called "tonic" or stimulant. To do so is not only futile, but is often very harmful, for in this condition the Nervous System requires Nourishment and Strength, not Stimulation. A little reflection will convince the reader of the logic and common sense of this statement.

The primary trouble in all phases of Nerve Exhaustion is starvation or semi-starvation of the Nerve Cells, the reason being that the sufferer fails to extract from his daily food the precious concentrated nutrient the Nerve Cells live and thrive upon. No medicine or tonic or stimulant can replace this lost nutritive substance, but by taking such false remedies the nerve sufferer sometimes feels a temporary improvement or exhilaration, which in due course passes away, leaving him worse than before.

The main guiding principle of the modern preservation of health may be said "to prevent." It is far better to think in good time "What CAN I do for my health?" than to one day have to say, "What MUST I do for my sickness?" While there is time it behoves you to put your bodily "house in order." Do not make the serious mistake of waiting until illness is knocking at the door with all the signs of a complete nervous breakdown.

The following are some of the many symptoms of weakened or starved nerves, and if you recognise yourself as being in this serious condition you cannot do better than take a course of Dr. Muller's Nutrient:—

Insomnia, Irritability, Continual Headache, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Depression, Failing Memory, Troubled Dreams, Languor, etc., etc

Dr. Muller's Nutrient, it may be mentioned, is not a secret remedy (the formula is at the disposal of any recognised medical practitioner); it is not a patent medicine, and it is not "a cure-all." Dr. Muller's Preparation is a highly-concentrated Tonic Nerve-cell Food, the composition of which is identical with the natural nutrient the Brain and Nerve Cells live upon.

It has marvellous reconstructive value in cases of mental and physical exhaustion and in convalescence after serious illness. Dr. Muller's Nutrient is essentially a Food— a very different thing to a mere drug or stimulant. Prepared by Dr. Muller's own special process, it feeds the whole Nervous System with those vital elements the lack of which accounts for Neurasthenia.

This remarkable Preparation is assimilated in ONE HOUR, and quickly creates a feeling of new mental and physical vigour. It is followed by no reaction, as is the case with medicinal "Nerve Tonics," and the effects are LASTING.

By rebuilding and revitalising the Brain and the Nerve Centres in the ONLY NATURAL WAY, Dr. Muller's Nutrient is not only a most powerful antidote against Nerve Fatigue, but is also the one certain and NATURAL remedy for nervous affections of every kind.

Active brainworkers who frequently suffer from Weak Concentration, Defective Memory, Loss of Will Power, Distaste for Continued Work, Brain Fag, and Cloudy Thinking will find that Dr. Muller's Preparation will dispel these symptoms by nourishing the brain with the precious food substance it imperatively requires, thus renewing its mental freshness and vitality.

The Muller Laboratories have put aside 10,000 full-sized boxes of Dr. Muller's Nerve-Nutrient for distribution amongst readers suffering from any nervous ailment.

Each box contains sufficient to last for seven days. By writing for it to-day you can obtain the whole week's supply for 6 stamps.

You are asked to enclose 6 stamps only. That is all it costs you. In return the box of Dr. Muller's Nerve-Nutrient will be sent you. It will enable you to commence to rebuild your nervous trouble, and make yourself strong and well and full of vitality, force, and power.

With this week's trial course of Dr. Muller's Nerve-Nutrient will be sent full directions for use, and a presentation copy of Dr. Muller's Book on the Nervous System and its requirements for health. Published at 1s., this Book will also be sent you FREE.

This generous offer is only intended to be taken advantage of once, and only one trial supply can be sent to the same person.

Send up your full name and address, with six penny stamps, to 487, The Muller Laboratories, 144, Albany Street, London, N.W., and the booklet and a package containing a seven days' Trial Supply of the Nutrient will be sent free in a plain sealed cover.

Sufferers and Inquirers calling at the Consulting Offices, 144, Albany Street, London, N.W., can see the Acting Consultant, who will be pleased to give Expert Advice entirely Free of Charge.

The Muller Nutrient can be ordered from Boots' Branches, and from all high-class Chemists in the United Kingdom.

IMPORTANT "WAR" NOTICE! **The Muller Laboratories are, and have always been, under entirely British Control and Ownership, and Dr. Muller's Nutrient is guaranteed not to be a German product.**

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 16.

"DAILY MAIL"

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ON the Western Front official photographers are risking their lives to secure pictures which will adequately portray the big advance now in triumphant progress. By permission of H.M. Government "The Daily Mail" is issuing an exclusive series of Post Cards selected from the best of these pictures.

"The Daily Mail" Official War Post Cards illustrate the great advance in general, and the Battle of the Somme in particular; comprising a first range of forty subjects, produced in three styles, photogravure, colour and photo facsimile, making a fascinating range of eighty varieties. Other subjects will be added as new photographs are received from the seat of War.

The curtain has been lifted on the drama of "Somewhere in France," and the glorious events of the big push are chronicled in this history-making series of Post Cards, enabling you to form a collection of picture cards of inestimable interest in the years to come.

Apart from the historical interest attaching to these pictorial records of the Great War you have the satisfaction of knowing that *every card sold helps* the military charities, to which "The Daily Mail" has already guaranteed a minimum sum of £5,000.

Not only keep these cards for your collection but use them when corresponding with your friends, and so combine a patriotic privilege with your pleasure.

6d. PER SET OF 8 CARDS.

On Sale To-day at all leading Newsagents & Stationers throughout the Country

Trade Enquiries to "The Daily Mail" War Post Card Department, Carmelite House, London, E.C.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

A man gave up a good job to enlist, underwent severe training, and ultimately broke down badly several times before he was invalided from the Army, with no pension and unable to work at his trade. This poor fellow has a wife and six children under 14 years, and makes a precarious living by hawking flowers. We relieved his immediate necessities.

Having served 12 years in the cavalry, a man was invalided out with 1s. a day pension. It will be some time before he can work again, and his rent was seriously in arrears. He has three children to support, so we gladly came to the rescue.

A soldier got leave from France to be at his father's deathbed. When he arrived he found his family in a state of great destitution—a fact that was concealed from him in letters he received at the front. He visited JOHN BULL Office, with the customary result.

When the managers of some of the big funds subscribed by the public turn down applicants to them, they send their victims to Long Acre. This is an action which we strongly deprecate. Most of these poor people have legitimate claims on the wealthy funds in question. Naturally, however, in genuine cases we give relief out of the moneys subscribed by our readers.

One of the 4s. 8d. pensioners who cannot work has, with his four children, to starve on the "bounty" granted him by the Government. To make matters worse for him, his wife was sent to the Infirmary the other day, suffering from rheumatic fever. We materially supplemented the miserable grant the poor fellow is receiving.

An old soldier who heard the beat of the drum when the war commenced subtracted more than 10 years from his age, so that he might induce the recruiting officer to allow him to chip in with the boys. He did good hard work on Home Service, but was recently turned into a civilian again, with no pension. He has been refused suitable work at the Arsenal and other Government departments, and the Labour Exchange cannot get him employment—"Too old at fifty-two"! We found the unfortunate man starving, and gave him relief.

Discharged with heart disease and rheumatism, on 8d. a day, at the age of 60, another "too old" came to us in his distress, and we sent him away happy.

Having been ill for ten weeks, a soldier's wife on 12s. 6d. a week allowance was naturally backward with her rent. She eked out her small money by sending to the pawnbroker, until she had nothing further to give in pledge. In addition to her rent troubles, there was the question of special nourishment. We took the matter up, and the woman's husband at the front is now relieved of a great anxiety.

An invalided Tommy crawled home to his wife and five children with the sum of 19s. 4d. in his pocket, this being all the money due to him from the Army "in full discharge." The cash naturally soon disappeared, and the pensionless hero asked for our assistance, which we gladly gave.

"My husband is discharged from the Army with heart trouble. I have had the doctor to him, and he says he must lie up for some weeks. The War Office have stopped his pay and my allowance. I have one baby, and am unable to go to work myself. Do you think the Army should allow me something?" We certainly think they should, in common honesty, but, unfortunately, the Regulations are against it. We stepped in where the Government failed.

The Civil Liabilities scheme, which was heralded with such a blare of trumpets, appears to have been a delusion and a snare. Among other things, the Government pledged itself to pay rates and taxes for our soldiers. Each week we receive letters from applicants who have been turned down, and who are pursued by the rate collectors and threatened with jail. We should like to see this point raised in Parliament when the "hot-air" merchants re-assemble.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WON'T *You* HELP?

H. S. G., 5s. 6d.; "Jolly Jack," 1s.; "82," 2s. 6d.; Pte. J. A. L., 6d.; A. G. M., 2s. 6d.; Lieut. H. J. H., 1s.; N. H. M., 10s.; "34185's Girl," 1s.; M. A. H., 3s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "Six Munitioneers" (Wembly), 15s.; A. M., 5s.; J. B., 4s.; "A Dead Man's Opportunity to Help" (Wembly), 19s.; A. W., 5s.; "A Wounded Tommy," 2s. 6d.; P. D. S., 1s. 4d.; A. V. L., 1s.; J. K., 1s. 4d.; E. J., 1s.; "Rosemary," 2s. 6d.; W. H. C., 1s.; L.-Cpl. R., 1s.; W. F., 1s.; W. S., 1s.; Sapper V. E. Y., 1s 4d.; "Father of Four," 2s.; J. A., 10s.; F. C., 10s.; "A Small Prize-winner," 1s.; M.P., 2s.; "A Taxi Driver," 10s.; Mrs. G. W., 1s.; A. B., 6d.; "Sergeants' Mess, 33rd Div. Art." (per J. B. W.), 32s.; "Dicky," 2s. 6d.; J. B., 1s.; A. J. B. (Aberdeen), 2s. 4d.; W. A. (Manchester), 1s. 6d.; J. W. B. (Hull), 12s. 6d.; C. A., £1; Weekly collection (Shipfitting Shop, Devonport Dockyard, per J. H. H.), £1; W. M. S. (Horsham), £10; "A Well Wisher," 3s.; W. B. R., 1s. 6d.; "Franklin," 10s.; H., 10s.; H. T., 6d.; J. W. M., 6d.; M. V. M., 6d.; S. A. B. (Margate), 2s. 6d.; "A Reader of JOHN BULL," 3s.; Weekly collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 7s. 6l.; A. and E. R. (Leith), 5s.; A. J. T., 3s. 6d.; R. S. (France), 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Tsuruga Maru," 5s.; Mrs. H. (Carlisle), £1; H. K., 2s. 6l.; E. E. E. (Fulham), £1; "One of the Gunners," 3d.; Anon., £5; A. N. C. (Bayswater), 5s.; "Ship's Staff," s.s. *Duneric* (per D. B. M.), £7 15s.; A. D. S., 5s.; Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund, £2; W. R. (Golder's Green), £2; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; E. J. B. (Hull), 7s. 4d.

COLLECTING BOXES.

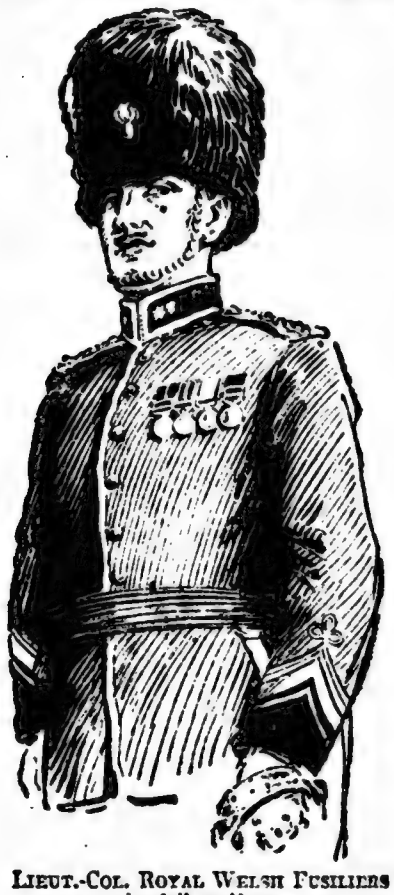
LONDON.—Mr. A. C. Trout, 3, Highgate Hill, 2s. 10d.; Mr. G. Hughes, "Brownlow Arms," Betterton Street, 2s. 8d.; Mr. H. A. Lloyd, "Assembly House," Kentish Town Road, 2s. 8d.; Mr. B. Barney, 195, Kentish Town Road, 2s. 7d.; Mr. F. H. Simmons, "The Cock," Walham Green, 2s. 7d.; Mr. H. Parr, "Coach and Horses," Matthias Road, 3s.; Mr. H. Briggs, 50, Newington Green, 3s. 3½d.; Mr. G. Layton, "The Edinburgh," Newington Green Road, 2s. 8d.; Mr. I. Henriques, "Clarendon," Mildmay Park, N., 6s. 6d.

EDINBURGH.—Mr. Archibald, 30, St. Stephen's Street, 2s. 7½d.

BIRMINGHAM.—Messrs. Wilson and Ward, 56, Newhall Street, 3s. 4d.

REGIMENTS WHICH HAVE DONE WELL.

No. 2.—THE ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS



LIEUT.-COL. ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS in full uniform.

"Near Thiepval we made a further slight advance, and captured a number of prisoners.

"To the south of the La Bassée Canal, after a discharge of gas and smoke, we made some successful raids into the enemy's front line. In one of these the Royal Welsh Fusiliers specially distinguished themselves, capturing forty prisoners, a trench mortar, and a machine gun."

Vide Daily Press, July 5, 1916.

How these men would enjoy

CAVANDER'S

"ARMY CLUB"

CIGARETTES

20 for 9d.

50 for 1/10½

Sold at A. Baker & Co.'s, Bewlay's, Finlay's, Selfridge's, A. W. Gamage's, Spiers & Pond's, A. I. Drapkin's Stores, and other Tobacconists.

Cavander's Army Mixture, 7½d. oz.

A Mellow, non-bite, Mixture.

WAR SAVINGS

Write for Free Booklet, obtainable from F.G.I./J.B

WILL PURCHASE

City Life Assurance Co., Ltd., 6, Paul Street, London, E.C.

A HOUSE.

Shorthand

The Sloan-Duployan system saves a year's study. Greatest speed record. Illustrated handbook with lesson, &c., free.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN Headqrs., Dept. 32, Ramsgate.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"TYNESIDER" (Newcastle).—It is characteristic of the Government that Mr. A. G. Holzapfel should have been appointed a British Vice-Consul in the midst of this war.

"THE CHILD."—Had you read us carefully, you would know that we were the first to point out the danger of a serious shortage of food, and to urge that to "wait and see" would be to wait and starve.

S. W. W. (Plymouth).—"What's the use of telling us to watch Haldane; what we want to do is to stop him. How?" By watching him.

F. M. M. (Johannesburg).—With due respect to you, as one of "the men on the spot," the Union of South Africa *is* a British Dominion; and we have a higher opinion of General Botha than you seem to entertain.

T. H. V. (Farranborough).—For saying "The Allies are beaten," you ought to be kicked into Germhuny and compelled to stay there.

"BUSINESS GOVERNMENT." (Dublin).—We notice that your wife is severely critical of Mr. Asquith for "walking on the ends of his trousers." *Entre nous*, there are strong grounds for believing that he also sits on the seat of them. But perhaps this is merely a base suspicion!

J. W. A. (Leicester).—"Many things in Parliamentary, as well as military, circles are copied from JOHN BULL." True, but there are a good many blots on the copy.

A. S. W. (Edinburgh).—You object to the word "strafe" because of its German origin. But, by the time the Huns have seen what we mean by it, they will probably cut it out of their language.

"SARAH JANE" (Manchester).—You think every mother should have the V.C. on the birth of her sixth child. We are all for encouraging the birth-rate, but perhaps the Distinguished Service Order would meet the case.

H. J. C. (Northfleet).—Our advice would be to try again. The Inventions Board, with Lord Fisher at its head, would be less likely to turn down a serviceable device.

J. N. B. (Lyndhurst).—Suggestion as to "treatment of every male Prussian after the war, even down to babes," too horrible for comment!

G. B. (London).—Where did you get the notion that the British Government decided to release 27,000 *Germhun* soldiers to assist with the harvest? Of course, they neither could nor would have done any such thing.

J. A. F. (Carlisle).—No Germhun, naturalised or unnaturalised, ought to be in charge of British electrical plant of the kind. We wouldn't trust one with a box of matches.

A. G. S. (Birmingham).—Unable to advise about internal management of "munitions work." Wish you success.

"DOG-LOVER" (Kennington) suggests that "soldiers going to France should not take dogs with them, as it will be very difficult to get them home again owing to quarantine regulations." Approved.

MRS. BRIGHT (Midlothian) says: "When we win a decent 'Bullet,' my husband and me are going to try for a son who will help to avenge our hero Kitchener." Wish you luck both ways.

G. I. C. (N.-on-Tyne).—"What would be the result if the Prince of Wales were captured by the Germhuns?" No doubt the Germhuns would hostage him for all he is worth.

A. L. (Wareham).—You have strong views in regard to military service, although you "are not on the Tribunal and don't sell beer." A nasty knock, that, for somebody. Hope he'll see it.

"JOSSE" (Southgate).—You evidently write from considerable technical knowledge; but the Censor would not be pleased with us if we opened our columns to a discussion of plans of aerial defence.

G. C. (Wigan).—You should not expect the War Office to be unduly concerned about the slaughter of women and children, which, as they have so often reminded us, is "of no military importance."

MISS M. E. Y. (South Tottenham).—We certainly do not think the Pope was "the cause of the present war"; but we are disappointed that the foul atrocities of the Hun have evoked no effective protest from the Vatican.

W. R. (Great Saffron Hill, E.C.).—You want to know what we think of your idea that someone should "systematically annoy" Mr. Asquith, and that "the people should send subscriptions towards the fine." A stupendous notion—with accent on the "stupe"!

W. D. (Southfleet).—Your contention is that "if the munition worker needs a rest, so does the shopkeeper." But we never said he didn't, so why contend with us?

H. P. H. (Hemel Hempstead).—The behaviour of Corporal Victor I. Hiscock in stopping a runaway horse at Hemel Hempstead was marked by the bravery we have learned to expect from the men of the Army.

W. T. M. (Edinburgh).—Your prettily turned and complimentary acrostic has been laid to rest among our most cherished possessions. As to whether we are "measured for the breach," we are not quite certain, though we have often been measured—in the plural!

F. E. C. (Tufnell Park).—We were not aware that the Prime Minister had "large investments and interests in Germany," but we will certainly tax him with it when next he pays us a call.

PTE. H. A. (Epsom).—Will we tell you which regiment has most honours, the Gloucesters, Warwicks, or Northumberland Fusiliers? Why should we discriminate between such famous regiments? All honour to each!

"A CANADIAN'S BUNCH OF LOVE."—The Aldershot parson tripped when he complained of Canadians holding sports on Sunday, for the "sacred" day is Saturday. And now the lads are fighting in France, Sundays included, the naughty fellows!

A. C. (Leeds).—Did we ever see a cow kick in the manner depicted by our "Weekly Cinema" artist? Let us know how the cow kicked you. Failing that, our artist must acquire personal experience.

E. W. (S. Hackney).—If so-called "Labour" speakers at Sunday meetings in Clapton Square, Mare Street, heap insults on our soldiers and publicly express love for the Germhuns, they should be suitably attended to.

E. T.—You must go on paying under the Insurance Act, benefit or no benefit. That is the hardship of it.

R. H. (Stockton-on-Tees).—Churchill's job and Lord Fisher's were quite distinct. One was "First Lord" and the other "*Sea* Lord." See?

"LIVERPOOL."—Your bakers are making a profit of 45 per cent.? We must come North and open a shop.

MRS. W. J. B. (Alt., Canada).—Yes, we know all about the *Gaelic American*, with its rabid pro-Germhun anti-British articles. It froths at the mouth like a mad dog.

"NON-PARTY POLITICIAN" (Edinburgh).—You have written us three sheets of horse-sense. The man who called you a "pro-Germhum" must have been endeavouring to elongate your lower limb.

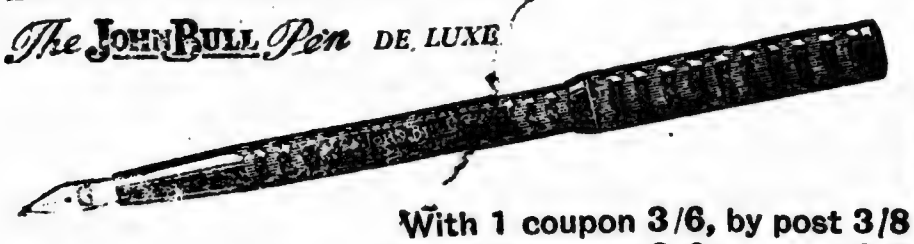
C. E. S. (R.A.M.C., Egypt).—Which is the "leading town in England for healing mineral waters?" Depends what you want to be healed of. One may suit your gout, but the other may derange your liver. But why ask us? You are an R.A.M.C., you know.

"BRITISH WOMAN" (Coventry).—Glad to hear you have "a good, considerate Board of Guardians," with whose views on war pensions we are in warm agreement. Not such a bad thing to be "sent to Coventry," after all!

"A TYNESIDER."—Your views on aerial defence are rare and refreshing, and if you are still disposed to waste stamps on your local M.P., "House of Commons, S.W.," will be a sufficient address, as the letter will be forwarded.

A. E. F. (Hull).—Of course it is all wrong that a German, naturalised or not, should be retained as a booking-clerk by a leading Railway Company. Pity trains don't run to—his own country.

The JOHN BULL *Pen* DE LUXE



With 1 coupon 3/6, by post 3/8
13 „ 2/6, „ 2/8

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. (*Sept. 9th, 1916.*)

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

"OLD READER" (Allahabad).—Sorry to hear the Fire Brigade contains a German. Turn the hose on him.

E. G. (Brighton).—You go too far in describing Mr. Asquith as a "pro-Germhun." He is merely a lawyer-politician and a Party leader with the defects of his training.

M. W. (Bath).—Seen in a G.N.R. carriage: "Do not Spit To Stop the Train in Case of an Emergency," etc. Yes, and if you did stop it and plesded your emergency—being so dry that you couldn't help it—they would fine you 40s. all the same.

"SATISFIED" (Bolton).—What we have said, we have said; and we repeat that the business of George H. Warwick, Birmingham, is one of the largest and straightest sporting concerns in the country. Do *you* know anything against it?

"CONSTANT READER" (Southampton).—You complain that certain National Insurance officials "are having bought for them capacious revolving writing-desks, which are not used for Insurance work at all." Do they keep rabbits in them?

"SUNNYSTEAD" (Brondesbury, N.W.).—When next you write to us, try to be a little briefer, and don't trouble to underline every other word. Such crude emphasis mars the chastity of your style.

"VALLEY" (Anglesey).—We have more than once had occasion sharply to criticise the methods of J. Davis and Co., the advertising pawnbrokers, of Denmark Hill, S.E.

W. R. (Barking).—If things are as you say, it is grossly unfair to the women workers at the Arsenal, and your espousal of their cause is a chivalrous act. Why not try a "round robin"?

"BRADFORD."—There are still on the bookstalls a few copies of Raymond Blathwayt's book, "Horatio Bottomley—The Man as He Is To-day." Very glad to hear that you enjoyed it so much.

W. W. (Capetown).—Note that "Captain" Rand is exploiting S. Africa, and hope he draws blank. Rand, on the Rand, should be spotted for what he is, and his "Wonderful Story" set down as an ordinary lie.

E. M. (Hampstead).—"Disgraceful conduct in Hyde Park in broad daylight; girls actually asking for trouble." Surely nothing very terrible is possible in broad daylight in Hyde Park? It is so open, and populated like Regent Street.

E. B. (Sheffield).—As you have cut all the cartoons out, your old copies of JOHN BULL are valueless except as waste paper. Sell 'em, and buy War Loan certificates!

"REJECTED" (Nottingham).—It is a shame to insult as a shirker a man who has tried five times to enlist, rejected at each attempt. We should be inclined to write a badge of our own and wear it.

J. B. (Preston).—After you and your brother-in-law got wet through in rescuing a sheep from the river, the farmer gave you 3d. for a drink—which cost 4d. The least you deserve is a medal and the other penny. But virtue is its own reward, and you often get no other.

MRS. JESSIE READER (Westgate End House, Wakefield).—Glad to hear that our £250 "Bullets" prize goes to the mother of two medical men who took commissions in the R.A.M.C., and have "done their bit" so gallantly in Gallipoli and at Loos, respectively. You—as a member of the Board of Guardians, Chairman of the Children's Homes and Boarding-Out Committee, President of the local branch of the National Union of Suffrage Societies, Vice-Captain of the War Relief and Pensions Committee, etc.—evidently believe in women's work in wartime!

G. T. (W. Kensington).—It is true, as you say, that "Ireland is a country easy to love but difficult to understand."

W. R. L. (Doncaster).—We should tell the person who asked "What was the name of Cain's wife?" that it was Mrs. Cain.

"PHARMACIST" (Wolverhampton).—We have freely forgiven these wholesale chemists for copying our trade-mark, and now you must try to do the same.

MRS. S. P. (Barking).—The Secretary of the P.S.A. Slate Club had no right to send back your Postal Orders crossed and made payable to the Club, and you have a good claim against him for their value. Write to him again, and let us see the answer.

J. J. (Northallerton).—Sorry we cannot give publicity to "the worst case of inhuman conduct known in your district." Have you never heard of the law of libel?

J. F. W. (Bath).—The remedy lies with the public, who should decline to patronise any hotel where German cooks or waiters are retained.

"X."—Why pepper us with your prickly conundrums, while neglecting our rules? 'Tisn't Christmas, and 'tisn't fair.

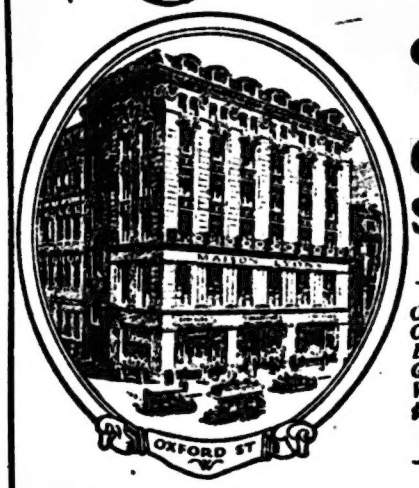
N. B. (Glasgow)—"With apologies," you address us in burning verse. We freely forgive you; but, in your case, prose is a more majestic medium.

"ONE SUMMONED" (Sandiway).—"Oh, what a pleasure to drive a car or motor-cycle through Sandiway now P.C. Manley, of Cheshire Police, is absent from the main Chester Road." But road-hogs shouldn't advertise.

H. H. G. (Elgin Crescent, W.).—Not wild elephants should drag your name from us; but if that 57-letter word in an unknown language is meant for a *nom de plume*, we regret that the price of paper precludes its reproduction.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

Maison Lyons



OXFORD ST., W.
(Opposite Bond St. Tube Station).

OPENS MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11th.

ON THE OPENING DAY ONE HALF OF THE TOTAL RECEIPTS WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE "STAR & GARTER FUND" OF THE BRITISH WOMEN'S HOSPITAL (under the patronage of H.M. The Queen and H.M. Queen Alexandra).

THE NEW MAISON LYONS, situated in the very heart of shopland, incorporates the largest and most beautifully appointed salon in Europe devoted to the sale of *Confiserie and Patisserie*. Here, in infinite variety, may be found Dainty Confections prepared by the most accomplished and highly trained chefs from the finest ingredients that a thorough knowledge of the world's markets can provide.

THIS NEW MAISON LYONS IS ALSO A SUPER CAFE OF CHARACTER PROVIDING INEXPENSIVE ENTERTAINMENT IN KEEPING WITH THE CALL FOR WARTIME ECONOMY. "CORNER-HOUSE" PRICES.

The Restauran section, which is open daily until 11 p.m and fully licensed, of the new Maison Lyons, is capable of accommoda ing over 1,000 persons, and provides *recherche* yet inexpensive fare amids surroundings of artistic distinction and charm. "Corner House" Tariff and Prices. Vocal and Orchestral music all day. Mr. George Carvey; Ladies' Symphony Orchestra directed by Miss Margaret Holloway; The Rag-time Sextette. In the Confectionery Salon is the most up-to-date Soda Fountain for supplying Iced Fruit and other special American drinks.

J. LYONS & CO., LIMITED, Proprietors.

Nervy

TONE up your system with Iron "Jelloids" to enable it to withstand the jolts, jars, and janglings of present times.

Keep your blood from paling by a regular supply of "Jelloids" (one at each meal is quite enough). Take "Jelloids" and be an Optimist.

Do your best to keep your soldier and sailor friends fit and in the pink by keeping them supplied with Iron "Jelloids" No. 2A.

A Chemist's Assistant, R.A.M.C., writes:—"Please send me a large box of Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2A. I find they are the best things I can take."

Reliable Tonic for Men.....IRON "JELLOIDS" No. 2A.
For Anaemia in Women.....IRON "JELLOIDS" No. 2.
For Growing Children .....IRON "JELLOIDS" No. 1.

Of all Chemists; 14 days' Treatment, price 1s. 3d., large size 3s

Iron 'Jelloids'

(Pronounced Jell-Lloyds)

5,000 "BULLETS" PRIZES WEEKLY

THE BIGGEST OFFER MADE BY ANY PAPER.

Two more Coupons for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 14th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(205) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 205, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 14th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(205) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 206. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21st.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **206** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 206,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 206.

GENERAL JOFFRE	MOST UNDESIRABLE	PAY AND LOOK PLEASANT	FINDING A WIFE
BECOMING OPTIMISTIC	WHEN RENT'S BEHIND	EXPECTING BILL	LOOKING NASTY
FIRING BIG GUNS	BADLY COOKED	WHEN IN TROUBLE	SWEET GIRL
INCREASED TAKINGS	NOT JUST AT PRESENT	A VAIN DREAM	THE KAISER'S CHOICE
GETTING A BITE	TREATING FATHER	GIVEN AWAY	VILLAGE IDIOT

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 205.

ROUMANIA'S DECISION
KING CONSTANTINE
FEARING REVOLUTION
AUSTRIA'S FAILING
BACKING THE GENERAL
SOMME FIGHTING
THE KAISER'S APPEAL
THINKING FURIOUSLY
THE END IN SIGHT
GETTING CROSS
LOSING HIS HEAD
ALL TOGETHER
A BIG SUCCESS
WHEN WOMAN HELPS
WORKING WONDERS
THE WRONG MAN
MOTHER'S COOKING
A THICK HEAD
SHORT SKIRTS
TEASING THE CAT
WITHOUT TOMMY
NOT ENOUGH GO
SOUR GRAPES
SPOILING THE HUNS
PUSHING ON
NOT WORTH THE TROUBLE
SEASIDE SWEETHEART
BEYOND CONTROL
WORTH FIGHTING FOR
GERMAN TRENCHES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—
Example:—
BEYOND CONTROL.
Bullet:—
SPOILT CHILD USUALLY IS

Example:—
SEASIDE SWEETHEART.
Bullet:—
IS SOON FORGOTTEN.

Example:—
PUSHING ON.
Bullet:—
DIRECTOR'S SON.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated Sept. 30th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupon will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated Sept. 9th.

RESULT OF 202ND BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250:—

Mr. WM. H. CHATTERLEY,
Harvington, Evesham, Worcs.
Example:—MAKES KAISER THINK.
Bullet:—NO "PROVISIONS" FOR FUTURE.

SECOND PRIZE of £25:—

Mr. ROBERT NICOL,
16, Carlibar Rd., Barrhead, Renfrew, Scotland.
Example:—SEASIDE PHOTOGRAPHER.
Bullet:—SELDOM "TAKES" HIS WIFE.

THIRD PRIZE of £10:—

Madame CLARE SALAAM,
327, Kensington Street, Bradford, Yorks.
Example:—NOT EASY.
Bullet:—BEING "SPEAKER"—IRISH PARLIAMENT.

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES of £5 EACH:—

Mr. A. E. MARSHALL, Palace Chambers, Westminster, S.W.:
BEST AVOIDED—OPTIMISM WHICH EXCUSES INACTION.

Mr. E. H. TURNBULL, 14, High St., Amble, Northumberland:
BEST AVOIDED—REPRISALS, COMFORTABLE PEOPLE THINK.

Mr. C. H. DOUGHTY, 3, Sansthorpe St., Sincil Bank, Lincoln:
COST OF WAR—PATRIOTS "WANT" TO PAY.

Mr. W. BROWN, The Orchard, Watergate Lane, Woolton:
GERMAN GAS—OUR IMITATIONS NO FLATTERY.

Mr. T. W. SWAINGER, 10, Albany Ter., Williamson St., Hedon Rd., Hull.
THE BUTCHER—"ALL UP" WITH HIM.

Mr. J. H. CHAPPELLE, Parkview, Lennoxtown, by Glasgow:
KEEPS MOTHER BUSY—THE HOUSE SHE "MAINTAINS."

Mr. J. M. CROOME, Oakwood Rd., Bream, Glos.:
MAKES KAISER THINK—HE CAN'T "HELP" STARVING.

Mr. WM. DICKIE, Church View, Uphall, Scotland:
NOT EASY—"SOUNDING" THE "DEEP."

Mr. A. NUTTALL, 14, Rayner Rd., Brighouse, Yorks:
SITTING STILL—OFTEN THOSE WHO "DRIVE."

Mr. WM. S. BELL, 90, Warren Rd., Washwood Heath, Birmingham:
COST OF WAR—RICH "TAKING" THEIR SHARE.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon).

10 WEEK-END PRIZES of £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. ALBERT NEAL, 1, Burr Villas, Bexley Heath, Kent:
COST OF WAR—AMERICA "CONSIDERS" "TOO MUCH."

Mrs. PETERSON, c/o Mrs. Kellie, The Rookery, Cotton End, Bedford:
MOST UNPLEASANT WHEN—MOTHER "PROVES" FATHER'S "MISTAKE."

Mr. C. MURTON, Little Dunham, Swaffham, Norfolk:
BEST AVOIDED—PAL'S MISSUS NEXT DAY.

Mr. JAS. ORMOND, 45, Bell Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne:
NOT EASY—GETTING SALMON WITHOUT "TIN."

Mr. JAMES CHAPMAN, 12, Cavendish Road, Urmston, Lancs:
GOING TO THE DOGS—GENERALLY AN EXPENSIVE "TRIP."

Mr. C. NOLAN, Metcalfe Terrace, Maryboro', Ireland:
BEST AVOIDED—ARITHMETIC REDUCING ENEMY'S STRENGTH.
(Sent in on a free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. T. H. HUGHES, 1, Crown Place, Harrogate:
NOT EASY—REACHING TOP—STAYING THERE.

Mr. A. V. TERRY, Irrigation Farm, Canterbury, Kent:
NOT EASY—TO "OPEN CONGREGATION'S EYES."

Mr. JOHN LONG, Municipal Hospital, Whiteabbey, Ireland:
GETTING TO BUSINESS—GOVERNMENT, IF NOT CAREFUL.

Mr. S. NORTON, 143, Monton Road, Eccles, Lancs:
COST OF WAR—LOT "LEFT OFF" CONSIDERING.

☛ **YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.**

No. **Closing Date, Thursday, September 14th.**

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(205) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 205, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No **Closing Date, Thursday, September 14th.**

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(205) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign hereupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Sept. 9th, 1916 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day
(Strike out one of these.)

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of .....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

Sept. 9th, 1916

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home .....

.....

"I'm not easily satisfied

That's why I always go to the 'Midland' if I want any furniture. You can be sure of finding just what you want there. They give you £100,000 worth of furniture to choose from. And there's a quality about 'Midland' furniture which you don't find everywhere. Their things are made not only to look at but to last.

Money buys more at the 'Midland'

The prices are marked on everything. You can reckon out what you save at the 'Midland' if you compare them with what you would be charged elsewhere. The 'Midland' marked price is the bargain price. And it is the whole price. You aren't charged a penny beyond it. Even if you arrange for gradual payments under the Midland Ideal terms, you haven't a penny to pay for interest or any extras whatsoever."

Write to-day for the "Midland" Book of Furniture.

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 - £20	5 6
£20 - £30	0 11 6
£30 - £40	0 16 6
£40 - £50	1 2 0
£50 - £100	1 7 6
£100 - £200	2 15 0
£200 - £500	5 10 0
£500 -	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

Rail Fares Paid

Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 & over.

10% Discount for Cash.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a special manager.

Beautifully finished Inlaid Mahogany Bedroom Suite in Sheraton style, comprising commodious 4 ft. Wardrobe with large drawer; 3 ft. 6 in. Dressing Chest; 3 ft. 6 in. Washstand with marble top and tiled back; 2 cane-seated Chairs and richly inlaid 4 ft. 6 in. Bedstead. Complete, **25 Guineas**

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife,** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

Printed and Published by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.; Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada. All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2595.